

PHISISING PRINCIPLES



JAPANESE OFFICER AND HIS SON.

## THE JAPANESE.

THE hidden country of Japan, so long the land of mystery, to which only a few voyagers gained admission, and who frequently paid for their temerity with their lives, is likely to be opened to European inquiry. It will be found, if not so picturesque and wonderful, at least as



JAPANESE WOMEN.

strange and interesting as the imaginations of those who merely reached its confines had declared it to be. Indeed, the picturesque and wonderful too often disappear on a familiar acquaintance, and, as in the case of Mexico and the city of the Aztecs, only survived in the case of the destruction of the places which had first been connected with the imperfect and romantic stories of travellers. The visit of the Japanese Ambassadors, however, and the revelation of the progress which their countrymen have made in arts and inventions, are indications of the coming intercourse with a country which, after ages of seclusion and a complete and intricate system both of political and social organisation, will be for the first time added to the family of nations. At present only such scattered and imperfect accounts as are to be gathered from the diaries of several travellers are within our reach in endeavouring to learn the state of society in Japan; but the pencil of the artist as well as the pen of the traveller enables us to preserve some distinct record of the manners and customs of the people. One of the most singular of these is the method of punishment devised for officers of the army who have incurred the displeasure of the State. These unfortunate men may be met with in the streets, and, but for their peculiar head-dress, would be taken for ordinary mendicants, since they are clad only in a ragged and dirty frock, while a box round their

neck seems destined for the alms which they receive as a reward for playing drearily on a sort of double clarinet. Their heads, however, are entirely enveloped in a beehive-shaped contrivance, made of basket-work, which only allows their eyes to be seen. Although this costume is a strange one, it is, however, scarcely more singular than the ordinary regimental uniform of an officer who has not been disgraced by the criminal dress. The commanders of the Japanese army are accoutred in a helmet (which would be terrible if it were not grotesque), furnished with a huge mane flowing all round the neck, while the distinctive mark and number of their regiment is embroidered on the back of their loose nightgown robe; the soldiers are attired in a simple closely-fitting tunic, confined at the waist by a gaudy scarf, while their headdress resembles an inverted basin. Each of them carries a sword and gun, while the officers alone are permitted to carry two swords, a long one for his own personal use, and a shorter one, which is never to be drawn except by Imperial order.

The "Betos," or officers' attendants, are valets, grooms, and general servants in the army. They are expected to run by the side of the horse at whatever pace their master may choose to travel. These, in the absence of clothing, of which they wear no more than a loose gown and a waistcloth, tattoo the whole body in an intricate pattern, which exhibits all the richness of Japanese design.

The point of honour is maintained in the Japanese army to an extent which not even the wildest European duellist of a past age would have recognised. An insult must be instantly avenged, and, in the event of a refusal to submit such questions to the "wager of battle," the litigant is ordered by the Emperor to become his own executioner with the short sword, or to be disgraced in the way represented in our Illustration, while his property is forfeited and his family irretrievably disgraced. Even the least infringement of the Imperial orders, however, is likely to draw upon the officer the same results.

The singular cleanliness of the Japanese, and the utter unconcern with which they take baths at their street doors, have been already noticed. This strange want of the recognition of what in European countries is considered public decency is equally obvious in their regular public baths, where both sexes go promiscuously for their ablutions, and the bathers pour water upon each other by means of immense spoons, with which they dip a fresh supply from the tanks around the main reservoir. So absorbed are they in the importance of their occupation that even the entrance of a stranger has been entirely unnoticed. One institution in Japan, however, strongly resembles that of all other nations, but especially of nations a century or two ago. The barber is one of the most influential personages of the community, and his shop is never empty, since it is the centre of all public news; and, as the shop itself is raised a little above the causeway and has no front, the patient who is under the pleasant operation of trimming or shaving can freely converse with the passers-by who may desire to disseminate a more than ordinarily interesting report.

The revengeful spirit of the people, who would visit upon all Europeans any offence committed by one of their number, makes travelling in Japan not only difficult but dangerous; still the visit of the Imperial representatives, and their reception by both the French and English Courts, will doubtless enable us to make a speedy and intimate acquaintance with their own national peculiarities.

Hakodadi—a street in which is represented in our Engraving—is a town situated at some distance from the capital, and containing some marked differences both in the appearance and costumes of the people; the climate also is much cooler. It contains, besides its own population of about 60,000, a European colony of about a dozen souls, and a Russian Consulate—only one priest, however, being of the number. Its trade in fish is very considerable, since it stands on a bay where a large flotilla is constantly either entering or departing; but in consequence of the usual Japanese restrictions, little other commercial activity finds encouragement.

## AN ENGLISH PILGRIM AT MECCA.

An Englishman who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca writes an account of his adventures, signing himself "Haji Muhammed Abd ul Wahid," his nom de voyage:—

Having resolved to perform the Mecca pilgrimage I spent a few months at Cairo, and on the 22nd of May embarked in a small steamer at Suez with the "mahmil," or litter, and its military escort, conveying the "kiswah," or covering for the "Kabah." On the 25th the man at the wheel informed us that we were about to pass the village of Rabikh, on the Arabian coast, and that the time had consequently arrived for changing our usual habiliments for the "ihram," or pilgrim-costume of two towels, and for taking the various interdictory vows involved in its assumption, such as not to tie knots in any portion of our dress; not to oil the body, and not to cut our nails or hair, nor to improve the tints of the latter with the coppery red of henna. Transgression of this and other ceremonial enactments is expiated either by animal sacrifice, or gifts of fruit or cereals to the poor.

After a complete ablution and assuming the ihram, we performed two prayer-flections, and recited the meritorious sentences beginning with the words "Labbaik, Allah, huma labbaik!" "Here I am, O God, here I am! Here I am, Unassociated One, here I am, for unto Thee belong praise, grace and empire, O Unassociated One!"

This prayer was repeated so often, people not unfrequently rushing up to their friends and shrieking the sacred sentence in their ears, that at last it became a signal for merriment rather than an indication of piety.

On the 26th we reached Jeddah, where the utter sterility of Arabia, with its dunes and rocky hills, becomes at once apparent. The town, however, viewed from the sea, is not unpicturesque. Many European vessels were at anchor off the coast, and, as we entered the port, innumerable small fishing-boats dashing in all directions, their sails no longer white, but emerald green, from the intense lustre of the



A DISGRACED JAPANESE OFFICER.

water, crowded around us on all sides, and reminded one by their dazzling colours and rapidity of motion of the shoals of porpoises so often seen on a voyage round the Cape.

On disembarking, we were accosted by several "mutawwafs," or circuitmen, so termed in Arabic, because, besides serving as religious



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guides in general, their special duty is to lead the pilgrim in his seven obligatory circuits around the Kabah.

We encamped outside the town, and, having visited the tomb of "our Mother Eve," mounted our camels for Mecca. After a journey of twenty hours across the desert, we passed the barriers which mark the outermost limits of the sacred city, and, ascending some giant steps, pitched our tents on a plain, or rather plateau, surrounded by barren rocks, some of which, distant but a few yards, mark from view the birthplace of the Prophet. It was midnight, a few drops of rain were falling, and lightning played around us. Day after day we had watched its brightness from the sea, and many a faithful haji had pointed out to his companions those fires which were Heaven's witness to the sanctity of the spot. "Al hamdu Lillah!" "Thanks be to God! we were now at length to gaze upon the "Kiblah," to which every Mussulman has turned in prayer since the days of Mohammed, and which for long ages before the birth of Christianity was revered by the patriarchs of the East. Soon after dawn arose from our midst the shout of "Labbaik, Labbaik!" and, passing between the rocks, we found ourselves in the main street of Mecca, and approached the "Gateway of Salvation," one of the thirty-nine portals of the Temple of Al-Haram.

On crossing the threshold we entered a vast unroofed quadrangle, a mighty amplification of the Palais Royal, having on each of its four sides a broad



MILITARY GROOM, OFFICER, FOOT SOLDIER.



colonnade, divided into three aisles by a multitude of slender columns, and rising to the height of about thirty feet. Surmounting each arch of the colonnade is a small dome—in all there are 120; and at different points arise seven minarets, dating from various epochs, and of somewhat varying altitudes and architecture. The numerous pigeons which have their home within the temple have been believed never to alight upon any portion of its roof, thus miraculously testifying to the holiness of the building. This marvel having, however, of late years been suspended, many discern another omen of the approach of the long-predicted period when unbelievers shall desecrate the hallowed soil.

In the centre of the square area rises the far-famed Kābah, the funeral-shade of which contrasts vividly with the sunlit walls and precipices of the town. It is a cubical structure of massive stone, the upper two-thirds of which are mantled by a black cloth embroidered with silver, and the lower portion hung with white linen. At a distance of several yards it is surrounded by a balustrade provided with lamps, which are lighted in the evening, and the space thus inclosed is the circuit-ground along which, day and night, crowds of pilgrims, performing the circular ceremony of Tawāf, realise the idea of perpetual motion. We at once advanced to the black stone imbedded in an angle of the Kābah, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bismillah wa Allahu Akbar"—"In God's name, and God is the greatest." Then we commenced the usual seven rounds, three at a walking pace and four at a brisk trot. Next followed two prayer-flections at the tomb of Abraham, after which we drank of the water of Zamzam, said to be the same which quenched the thirst of Hagar's exhausted son.

Besides the Kābah, eight minor structures adorn the quadrangle, the well of Zamzam, the library, the clockroom, the triangular staircase, and four ornamental resting-places for the orthodox sects of Hanafī, Shafī, Malīkī, and Hanbalī.

We terminated our morning duties by walking and running seven times along the street of Safā and Marwā, so named from the flight of seven steps at each of its extremities.

After a few days spent in visiting various places of interest, such as the slave-market and forts, and the houses of the Prophet and the Caliphs 'Alī and Abūbakr, we started on our six hours' journey to the mountain of Arafat, an hour's sojourn at which, even in a state of insensibility, confers the rank of hajī. It is a mountain spur of about 150ft. in height, presenting an artificial appearance from the wall encircling it and the terrace on its slope, from which the imam delivers a sermon before the departure of his congregation for Mecca. His auditors were, indeed, numerous, their tents being scattered over two or three miles of the country. A great number of their inmates were fellow-subjects of ours from India. I surprised some of my Mecca friends by informing them that Queen Victoria numbers nearly 20,000,000 of Mohammedans among her subjects.

On the 5th of June, at sunset, commencing our return, we slept at the village of Muzdalifah, and there gathered and washed seven pebbles of the size of peas, to be flung at three piles of whitewashed masonry known as the Shaitāns (Satan) of Munā. We acquitted ourselves satisfactorily of this duty on the festival of the 6th of June, the tenth day of the Arabian month Zū'l-hijr. Each of us then



STREET IN HAKODADI.

sacrificed a sheep, had his hair and nails cut, exchanged the ihrām for his best apparel, and, embracing his friends, paid them the compliments of the season. The two following days the Great, the Middle, and the Little Satan were again pelted, and, bequeathing to the unfortunate inhabitants of Munā the unburied and odorous remains of nearly 100,000 animals, we returned, 80,000 strong, to Mecca. A week later, having helped to insult the tumulus of stones

which marks, according to popular belief, the burial-place of Abulabad, the unbeliever, who, we learn from the Koran, has descended into limbo with his wife, gatherer of sticks, I was not sorry to relinquish a shade temperature of 120 deg. and wend my way to Jeddo en route for England, after delegating to my brethren the recital of a prayer in my behalf at the tomb of the Prophet at Medina.

In penning these lines, I am anxious to encourage other Englishmen, especially those from India, to perform the pilgrimage without being deterred by exaggerated reports concerning the perils of the enterprise. It must, however, be understood that it is absolutely indispensable to be a Mussulman (at least externally), and to have an Arabic name. Neither the Koran nor the Sultan enjoins the killing of intrusive Jews or Christians; nevertheless, two years ago, an incognito Jew, who refused to repeat the creed, was crucified by the Mecca populace; and, in the event of a pilgrim again declaring himself to be an unbeliever, the authorities would be almost powerless to protect his life.

An Englishman who is sufficiently conversant with the prayers, formulas, and customs of the Mussulmans, and possesses a sufficient guarantee of orthodoxy, need, however, apprehend no danger if he applies through the British Consulate at Cairo for an introduction to the Amir Hajī, the Prince of the Caravan.

#### THE GARIBALDIAN MOVEMENT IN CALABRIA.

A TURIN correspondent writes on the 23rd that the most alarming intelligence had come in from Calabria:—

"The Garibaldians are in arms in that province; General Corte, one of Garibaldi's boldest soldiers of fortune, was marching upon Catanzaro; and Colonel Nullo, the man implicated in the Sarnico affair, was advancing upon Reggio. The Prefect of Catanzaro, Plotino, the deputy's brother and a Calabrian by birth, has sent in his resignation stating that he has no forces to oppose to Corte's volunteers. The Prefect of Cosenza, Guicciardi, has also abandoned his post from impossibility to resist the onset of another band of adventurers which landed in the neighbourhood under the orders of the Garibaldian Colonel Bruzese. Vincenzo Sproveri, of Cosenza, an out-and-out Garibaldian, whose brave spirit I had occasion to praise when he exerted himself in opposition to the brigands, is now in arms in Calabria on the Garibaldian side, and his influence on his town and province is sure to be great. That the Prefects, however heroically disposed, under such circumstances should despair of their ability to maintain public order is matter that should not cause us the slightest surprise.

"But there is worse than all that. I read yesterday a letter written to a deputy here by one of his kinsmen, an officer in the army, belonging to the corps under General Mella, and bearing the date Anderno, Aug. 17, in which he says that 'himself and sixteen other officers of his regiment had thrown up their commissions rather than fight against Garibaldi.' We are equally assured that a battalion of Bersaglieri had to be embarked at Palermo because symptoms of insubordination were rife among them; and we also know that General Mella, anxious to account for his inaction, stated in a despatch which



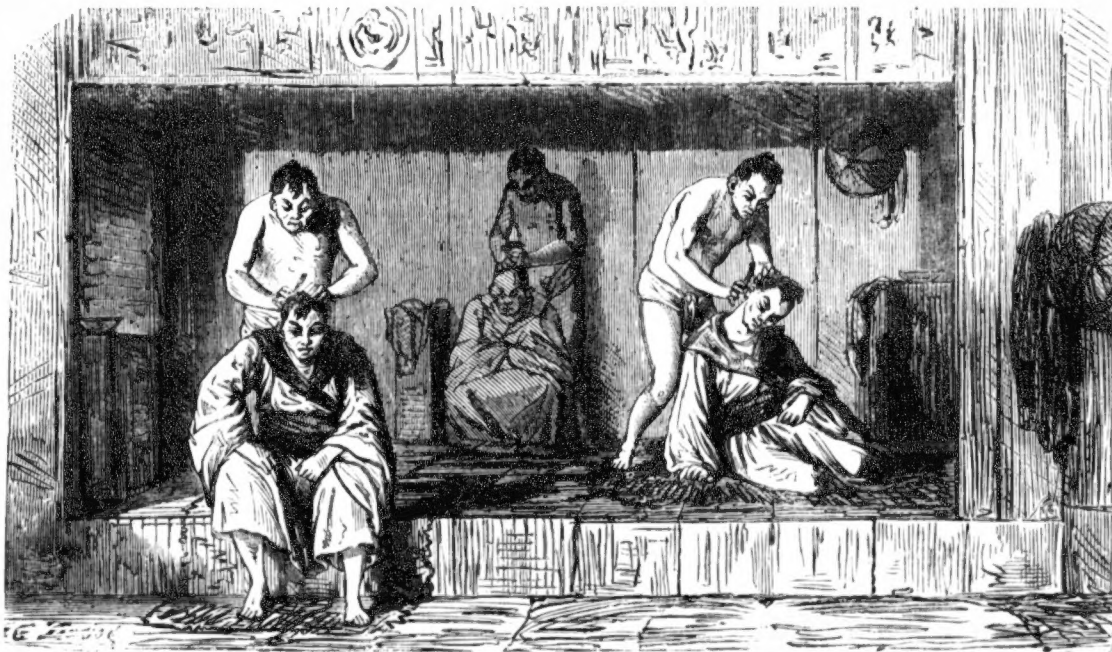
A PUBLIC BATH AT JEDDO.

yesterday reached Turin that he had quitted Catania because he perceived that more than half the town was ready to declare for Garibaldi, and that he did not attempt to oppose Garibaldi's entrance into the city because he could not rely on the steady allegiance of his troops. If this news be true, and I have no doubt of its correctness, the evil is far greater than official information has as yet led us to apprehend.

"It has been rather vaguely announced here that the King of Italy will soon put himself at the head of the army. This is, doubtless, considered the best remedy, perhaps the only remedy, against impending evil. The King's presence would, it is thought, put an end to all wavering on the soldiers' part, and to all disaffection of his southern subjects; and Garibaldi would hardly confront on the field the King, whose name he always so scrupulously wrote on his banner."

In another letter we find some words which the King is reported to have used:—

"Yesterday morning (the 20th) the King said, in a tone of indignation and grief, to a friend of mine, to whom his Majesty had granted an audience upon important business, 'I would rather have lost an arm



A BARBER'S SHOP AT JEDDO.

than found myself constrained to acts of rigour; but I must save Italy from enemies both foreign and domestic. I observe the Constitution, and I must make it to be observed by all. Anarchy would quickly undo Italy. I have done everything to avoid these dangers; now I can no longer hesitate; weakness would be abdication and the triumph of Italy's enemies."

The landing of Garibaldi on the mainland at Melita, which seems now to be beyond doubt, will assuredly raise the fire of insurrection over a considerable portion of the Neapolitan province; and, whatever may be the determination of the King and his Cabinet, the difficulties they have to contend against are of the gravest character. It is not merely Garibaldi and his volunteers which must be met and repressed, there can now be no doubt that a very strong sympathy is felt in the regular army with the popular chief and his movements, and that little or no dependence can be placed on the fidelity of a large portion of the troops. It is now stated that no less than forty or fifty officers have already resigned their commissions rather than take part in the civil war in opposition to Garibaldi. General Cialdini, it is said, declined to accept



the command in Sicily unless he could take with him such troops as he could trust; and accordingly a portion of his own army corps has been sent south from their previous stations in the *Asinella*, where Ciadini was in command.

Advices from Turin of the 27th state that Garibaldi had about 1300 men with him at Melita, and had marched towards Reggio, promising the volunteers that in a few days he would enter Naples with them. Ciadini was to take the command of the Royal troops in Calabria, and the most energetic measures were to be adopted to crush the rebellion, as it is now designated. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg has issued a circular note promising its "moral support" to the Italian Government on the ground of "maintaining social order."

### DAHOMY AND ITS KING.

The following account is extracted from the private letter of a gentleman residing on the west coast of Africa:—

The King of Dahomey is named Baddahung. He is not the ruffian described in the English papers. Personally he is well looking, and, indeed, few black men are better looking. He is perfectly black. Human sacrifices are regarded by the Africans as they were regarded by the Jews—as a part of their religion. They are not committed out of sheer wickedness, but in obedience to a paramount sense of religious duty, just as we bow the head at the utterance of the name of the Saviour. The persons who are selected to die cheerfully. The selection is an honour.

Dahomey is not under the British flag. It is an independent State, and Baddahung is an independent Sovereign. If he has one feeling more intense than another it is hatred of the English. He hates us because we interfere with the revenue of his kingdom.

He lives at Abomey, which is his capital. It lies 130 miles to the rear of our new colony of Lagos. Lagos stands on an island. Abomey is not a strong place, but a wall surrounds it, and it stands on flat land. An attack on Abomey would be foolhardy. Dahomey was never mentioned by civilized people until the King got possession of Whydah. Whydah is on the seaboard, and not far from Lagos. It is, in fact, on the Slave Coast. The Slave Coast extends from the River Volta to the River Lagos. It includes a territory blessed by nature in many ways. The soil is fertile, the men are a fine race, and the water communication extends by means of a vast lagoon from end to end of the territory. No gold is found there, as on the Gold Coast, but the palm-oil supplies the place of the "dumb gold." Cowries, a kind of shell found on the coast of Zanzibar, are the coin of the country, and the common medium of exchange. The chief towns of the Slave Coast are Lagos, Whydah, Badagry, and Porto Novo.

Whydah, as I have said, belongs to the King of Dahomey, and it is about seventy miles from Abomey. It is his principal report. Take it from him and he would be reduced to the original insignificance and humbleness of his relations. Whydah is very prettily situated. It has an excellent market, where beef, pork, mutton, fish of various kinds, pigeons, fowls, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowl, fruits, vegetables, and European and native manufactured goods may be had. The town is regularly laid out in streets. It stands back about three miles from the seashore. It is three miles long and one mile broad. The population is dense, for on one occasion it sent a contingent of 10,000 fighting men to the King of Dahomey.

There is a Governor of the town. He is called the "Avogah," or "the Father of the White Man," that is the meaning of the word. The Avogah is a black man—a chief of the King, in fact. The Avogah also acts as a judge. He presides over a Supreme Court, in which all disputes between the white man and the natives are settled. There is likewise an inferior Court, and that is presided over by another officer of the king. He is called "Shashah." The "Shashah" settles all disputes between the natives. There is an appeal from him to the Avogah; but from the decision of the Avogah there lies no appeal, except to the King himself.

All vessels going to Whydah pay a duty to the King. Vessels with two masts pay £41, and vessels with three masts pay £23. The duty clears the whole cargo, be it worth what it may. Sometimes, however, and under certain circumstances, no duty is paid. For instance—between the town and the sea there is a lagoon, and between the lagoon and the sea there is a long strip of sand. If the master of a vessel chose to land his goods upon this strip of sand, and to sell them there, he need pay neither the £41 nor the £23; but if he takes the goods across the lagoon into the town he pays according to the number of the masts of his vessel.

Again, there are two great stores or warehouses, or shops, or, as they are called here, factories, in Whydah; the one is a French factory, and the other is a factory which belongs to the famous slave-dealer Domingo Martinez. Domingo is a Brazilian.

This Domingo Martinez carries on the slave trade. He is a friend and chief of Baddahung. If the Avogah should come across Domingo in the streets of Whydah, he is obliged to prostrate himself in the dust and dirt before the illustrious Brazilian. When I say "prostrate himself," I mean that he must literally go down on both knees and clap the palm of the right hand several times over the back of the left hand, in true African supplicatory style. Now, the Avogah is a greater subject at Whydah than the Viceroy of India is at Calcutta; and when I thus put my illustration you may fancy what enormous power and influence Domingo must have in the Kingdom of Dahomey. Not three months ago this same Martinez shipped a cargo of slaves from Whydah whose gross value was set down at £180,000 sterling. The vessel which bore this splendid cargo safely off to the Brazils was a steamer, and she ran away from the land at not less than sixteen knots an hour. I know some good folks here who saw the shipment; they counted 1600 poor creatures go up the side. They were chained together in gangs by means of iron collars, and they were chattering and singing, and laughing as they mounted out of the canoes up to the deck of the steamer. It is understood on the coast that Domingo is regarded by Baddahung as the heir to the throne of Dahomey.

But to return. The French factory pays 10,000 dollars (4s. 6d. to the dollar) to the King of Dahomey for the right of trading there; and Domingo pays 20,000 dollars for the like privilege. Now, if a vessel discharges her goods and sends them to the French factory for the purpose of sale the vessel pays no duty; the same with Domingo.

As you walk along the streets of Whydah you will often come across the ruins of a house. The town is dotted with these wretched tokens of past comfort and prosperity. These ruins were once the mansions of people who have given offence to the King. So soon as the King fancied that he has been offended by any person he sends from Abomey for the offender. The offender is carried off, his family and all, into the interior, to Abomey, and he is never seen again. His house tumbles to pieces of course, and no one is allowed on any pretence whatsoever to build upon the spot where the offender once lived; neither can the house be kept in repair—no ground it must fall, and on the ground remain.

To send an expedition up to Dahomey would be madness. You good people in England have no conception what Africa is like. You have no conception of the ferocious heat. Even at sea, unless captains of ships look sharp, the intense heat of the sun will crack their deck planks and play mischief with their eyes. Can you conceive what a country is like which has no roads? Suppose all London were surrounded by a thick jungle, swarming with tigers, panthers, and every imaginable venomous snake, and having footpaths to it about half a foot broad; and suppose a broiling sun over head, and mosquitoes and gnats doing their best to set up violent inflammation of the nose, eyes, and ears. What could you do? No. If we really mean to put down the King of Dahomey and his tracheateds, we must deprive him of Whydah and Godony, his only two seaports. Without them he cannot carry on the slave trade.

As I have said before, the King is not so vile as they paint him in England. All the atrocities committed in his territories are committed by the coercion of his chiefs. No African King can squeeze without the consent of his chiefs. The monarchs here are strictly limited. The King alone is unable to do what he likes.

The King of Ashantee himself is not despotic—not nearly so despotic as any British Governor on the west coast. If the Governor of the Gold Coast write to him a letter, he does not open it at the moment of its receipt, but he waits till midnight, and then, in the presence of some confidential old Mentor, he opens it and reads it, or, rather, has it read, for read or write he cannot. He acts in this way in order that he may know what the Governor has written about. If the subject of the letter is not objectionable there is no difficulty; but if the subject is objectionable he has the opportunity of knowing the matter beforehand, and of debating how he shall lay it before the chiefs in the morning. All letters are supposed to be read in the presence of his chiefs. They consult with him and determine the answer. The King of Ashantee, Quacoe Duah, is not a bad man, and he has all the wish to adopt our religion and our ways; but his chiefs won't permit him. Now, the human sacrifices at Coomassie are ten thousand times worse than those at Dahomey. If an unfortunate fellow should meet a wife of the King of Ashantee in the streets, and should by chance see her—should he even not know that the woman is the wife of the King—his life is forfeited. He is beheaded. The Africans don't dislike these customs. I think they like them. Human sacrifices are a part of their creed.

MR. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR. The stained glass in the eastern window of St. George's Chapel, which is so familiar to the visitors to this sacred edifice, is being removed preparatory to the reworking of the old jamba, mullions, &c., for the reception of the memorial window to the memory of the late Prince Consort. Mr. Scott is the architect, and the window will be in the Gothic style. The artists selected for the stained glass are Messrs. Clayton and Bell. There will be fourteen new mullions in addition, making fifteen lights. The window will thus be similar to that at the west end of the chapel. The window has been boarded from the chapel with felt to prevent the sound or the weather entering during the process of the work.

### THE LONDON BAKERS AND BAKERIES.

SOME time ago Mr. Tremereere was commissioned by the Home Secretary to investigate a statement made by the journeyman bakers of the circumstances adverse to health under which their work was carried on, and to report whether any of them were of a nature to be removed or mitigated by legislation. This he has done, and his report, which has recently been published, discloses some startling facts. Besides various scientific witnesses, the commissioner examined or received statements from some of the largest master bakers in the metropolis and many of their men, and their evidence, appended to the report, shows that the journeyman have not at all overdrawn their case, and that in the whole round of callings, laborious and disagreeable as many of them are, there are few, if any, which call for more incessant and unhealthy toil than theirs. The baker is, indeed, the white slave of civilization, and, in reading the accounts which some of the witnesses give of their daily lives, one can hardly understand how any man could take up such a trade except under the strongest compulsion. As a general rule, the men begin their work at eleven o'clock at night, and, with the interval of one or two hours' rest, they continue hard at it until three or four o'clock next afternoon. The first process which the journeyman has to perform—making the dough—is exceedingly laborious, and takes about three quarters of an hour or more, according to the size of the batch. When made it is allowed to stand for an hour or two, according to the season; and during this time the men lie down in their clothes on the kneading-board and snatch what sleep they can. After this they are engaged for five or six hours in rapid and continuous labour, throwing out the dough, weighing it off, moulding it, putting it into the oven, preparing rolls and fancy breads, and taking the baked bread out of the oven and carrying it up into the shop. Then the task of distribution commences, and, after working hard all night, the men are on their legs many hours in the day carrying baskets or wheeling heavy trucks; two, three, and four o'clock are often reached before the rounds are over, and then the sponge for the next day's baking has to be prepared before the baker can call his day's work done. Even these long hours are often exceeded when there is an extraordinary demand, as in the height of the London season, and in the "underselling" shops, where most of the business is done over the counter, the men get very little out-of-door work, but are kept at labour most of the day in the bakehouse preparing fresh batches.

The master bakers of the metropolis, it may be said, are divided into two classes—the "full-piced" and the "underselling," and of the 3000 masters in the trade three-fourths are "undersellers." The condition of the men employed by the full-piced bakers is much the worst; for a portion of the profit is derived from turning out a larger quantity of bread by the same number of hands; and, where three men in a full-piced shop would turn out two batches of bread, in an underselling shop they have to produce four or five. Not only, therefore, are the hours longer, but their work is almost entirely confined to the bakehouse. To provide for Sunday's consumption, the work at the end of the week grows still heavier. In the underselling shop it is a very ordinary thing for the men to commence work at ten o'clock on Thursday night and to continue it until late on Saturday evening. Even in the full-piced trade the necessary labour is only accomplished between ten o'clock on Friday night and eight o'clock on Saturday evening by drop, for the biscuit-baking and fancy batches. Though free from the terrible accidents to life and limb which so often shock the public in other callings, the baking trade, in a quieter way, has its victims not less numerous, and it occupies a very bad pre-eminence among unhealthy occupations. For the most part their work is performed in an atmosphere ranging from 72 to 90 degrees, which renders bakers peculiarly liable to inflammatory affections, colds, and rheumatism. The flour-dust and the gases from the oven, consisting of carbonic acid, alcohol, and sulphuric acid from the coal, irritate their lungs, and predispose them to consumption, and the severe exertion leads to palpitation, diseases of the heart, rupture of blood-vessels, and apopleptic seizures. Dr. Gay says that no class of men, except perhaps, the knife-grinders of Sheffield, are so liable to severe and fatal diseases of the chest; and that the expectation of life is lower among journeyman bakers than that of most other trades. Forty-two years is put down as about their average age at death.

It is an old saying, "What the eye does not see the stomach does not sicken at;" but, were Mr. Tremereere's report extensively circulated, we should expect such a reaction in favour of home-made bread as would ruin half the bakers in London. Mr. Tremereere visited ten bakehouses without any knowledge beforehand of their character, and which, he says, were allowed to be fair types of their class. The principal fact which struck him, and for which he certainly was not prepared, he says, was their extreme dirt. In many cases the space between the rafters was covered with cobwebs, hanging so closely that a heavy footfall above must bring large fragments down into the dough beneath. Animals in considerable numbers crawled in and out of the troughs in which the bread is made, and on the walls. The smells from the draught, &c., were very offensive, the draught of the oven continually drawing the air via through the bakehouse, and in every case there was a total absence of ventilation. Rats and mice, of course, abounded. Mr. Bennett, the secretary of the London Operative Bakers' Association, states that "very many bakehouses in London are in a shockingly filthy state, arising from bad sewerage and ventilation; and that the bread, in the process of fermentation, gets impregnated with the noxious gases surrounding it. Many journeyman bakers also, in London, sleep under the pavement in the bakehouses." Another witness, who had been twenty-six years in the trade, states that the places in which he had worked had almost always been arches under the ground, with no means of ventilation, and they were, therefore, generally fearfully hot, and many of them infested with vermin. "There are few bakehouses," said the witness, "that are not overrun with black beetles in great numbers, and it is almost impossible to keep them out of the bread. You could gather a quart-pot full in ten minutes." In another place Mr. Tremereere says, "It was with the utmost reluctance that I came to the conclusion, from the unvarying testimony of a great number of witnesses and from what I saw myself, that a batch of dough is rarely made without having more or less of the perspiration of the men mixed up with it." We might give other details, equally disagreeable, of the reality of which there is no manner of doubt; but we have quoted enough to show that the case is one which has an interest for the public far stronger than motives of philanthropy. It is just, however, to the principal master bakers to say that great improvements have been made in their premises within the last few years; that the commissioner found them clean and well ventilated; but with regard to at least half the trade, and particularly that portion which supplies the poorer class with bread, the sickening facts just stated give no more than a fair representation of the actual condition of the bakehouses. We may say, too, here that Mr. Tremereere seems to have found the master bakers, as a body, ready and anxious to co-operate in any practicable measures for the relief of their men. Into the question of adulteration also Mr. Tremereere goes at some length, and the evidence shows that, though the use of it has been somewhat checked of late, the practice of mixing alum with the inferior flour, to give it the appearance of the finest quality, still prevails to a great extent. The severe competition among the "undersellers" is the principal motive for this, and it is also one of the chief causes for the long hours the journeyman in this branch of the trade have to work. All the witnesses agree that the Act to prevent the adulteration of food is entirely inoperative to check the practice, and Mr. Tremereere recommends that its provisions should be made more effectual. With regard to the other evils we have mentioned, the commissioner does not seem to be very sanguine as to the possibility of meeting them effectually by any legislative enactment. He has no hesitation in proposing that bakehouses should be placed under inspection, and subjected to certain regulations in regard to ventilation, cleanliness, &c., and that no youth under eighteen years of age shall be allowed to work in a bakehouse later than the hour of nine p.m., or earlier than five a.m.; but for a real remedy, both for the public and private grievance, he is inclined rather to look to an improvement in the art of manufacturing bread than to Parliamentary interference. We shall give the substance of his remarks on the means of accomplishing improvements in the manufacturing processes in our next Number.

### TRIAL OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

The official trial of the speed of this noble vessel, at full power, at her deep draught of water for sea service, commenced at 11 o'clock on Tuesday, under the most favourable circumstances of wind and weather. The two previous trials of the ship took place at a draught, and under somewhat exceptional circumstances, the only one being a trial of speed, made on the day after her arrival. Sailed from Greenwich, on the 20th of November, 1861, the second was her trip outside the "Wight," to test the action of the enlarged rudder, in April last. In her speed-trial she made 13 knots at the measured mile, with the following results in knots—first run, 15.850; second run, 12.950; third run, 15.319; and fourth run, 13.013. Some disappointment was felt by many at the time of the trial of speed, the *Warrior* having exceeded it on her trial at a draught, when she averaged 14.554 knots. Various causes were assigned to account for the difference between the two ships, but, perhaps, the real cause lay in the pressures of steam on board the vessel during the trial.

The *Black Prince*, as far as appearances are of value, is not a great advantage in being fitted after the *Warrior*, all the errors unavoidably committed in the former's design having been avoided in the latter, while many improvements suggested by the experience gained in fitting out the one ship have been applied to the hull of the other. Owing to these causes the *Black Prince* has a much handier and lighter appearance than that of the *Warrior*. The latter has a perfectly straight line, which gives her bow and stern an appearance of being pointed, as the ship was, to a certain extent, what is technically called "hogged" amidships. This has been avoided in the *Black Prince*, although it is a fact that her midship parts are above their proper level, and by a judicious sheer having been given to her line of forward and aft the appearance of the hull has been greatly improved. The figureheads of the two ships, although both are upon a high level of carving, are still very dissimilar in character. The *Warrior* is massive and stolid-looking, but calm. With the *Black Prince*, on the contrary, the figure, by recalling the *Warrior* in size, is more elegant and energy, and, with battlements at the bow, seems to be the center of the ship in the future.

The ship's upper deck, being free from any rifter-work, and encumbered the deck of the *Warrior*, presents a fine roomy appearance, and the sheer of the hammock rail forward and aft, which we have before alluded to, gives her a much cleaner appearance than the *Warrior* on deck. Her armaments consist of 110-pound Armstrongs, four 40-pounders, and two 20-pounders, all of which, besides rifled and smooth-bore guns for defence, are the main-deck the carriages, in the two compartments, for mounting of her armour plating, eight 110-pound Armstrongs. Four of these are mounted on the main-deck, and the other four on the upper-deck. The smooth-bore, for 68-pound solid shot, is mounted on carriages for directing bats.

The ship was appointed to have her anchor shot a-pair at 9.30 a.m., and at that time the President gunboat came from the dockyard Captain H. Broadie and the chief of the dockyard to execute the trial, and conveyed them on to the ship, where they arrived at 10.30. In making the anchor up to the ship, however, by the steam capstan, the chain became jammed round the ring of the capstan, with the ring of the anchor of the lower part of the auxiliary engine in consequence set fast below. This caused a considerable delay, and after this had been remedied, in consequence of the ship's head round to the westward to go on the "slide," the steering apparatus was found so deficient in direct power, that the ordinary tiller had to be slipped and connected with the common wheel, and both worked together. This made the trial more before the ship reached the trial-ground, where four runs were made with the following results:—

	Time.	Speed.	Result of	Steam.	Water.
	Min. Sec.	Per hour.	Engine.	Per hour.	Per hour.
First run ..	4 21	13.816	47.5	20.6	25.2
Second run ..	5 58	10.955	39	17.4	21.5
Third run ..	4 9	14.167	49	21.5	25.2
Fourth run ..	5 50	10.286	42.5	17.4	21.5

Mean speed of the four runs 12.269. This result was so unsatisfactory as compared with the *Warrior's* trial—that ship having a mean speed of 14.554 knots—that it was resolved to abandon the further trial of speed, and to recommend to the Admiralty that the ship should be taken into the harbour to-day and to-day to clean her bottom, and that the weight on her bottom valve should be increased to a level with that given to the *Warrior* on her trial-trip, the *Black Prince* having been worked on a level with 5 lb. less than the *Warrior*. The screws of both ships are precisely similar—improved Giffiths's—and set at the same pitch; the draught of water of the two vessels was, however, different, against the *Black Prince*, whose draught was 26ft. 10in. at 20ft. 2in. forward; the *Warrior* drew 26ft. 5in. aft, and 24ft. 2in. forward. There is certainly a vast difference in the speed of the two ships, which is not accounted for either by a foul bottom or an increased draught of water. Looking, however, to the load on the safety-valve in the two trials, we find in the five pounds difference in favour of the *Warrior* the cause of her, at present, superior speed. The *Black Prince*; but, with a clean bottom and this difference in the weights rectified, it is expected that on the *Black Prince* reaching her trial the speed of both ships will be found to be as nearly as possible equal.

### OBITUARY.

LORD JAMES HAY.—General Lord James Hay, Colonel of the 1st Regiment, died at 9 p.m., on Monday, the 18th inst. Previously to the receipt of the remains for Scotland the burial service was read by the Rev. John Cartwright. Among those present were the Earls of Perth and Stratford, the Quartermaster-General Sir Richard Airey, General Sir Henry Darnley, Lieut.-Colonel Carlton, and several other distinguished officers.

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.—The Countess of Essex died on Friday morning at the family seat, Cassington Park, in Hertfordshire. The Countess, Catherine Jane, was the fourth daughter of William, Duke of St. Albans, and was born the 28th of June, 1801. She was one of the last Countesses of Eglington, and leaves surviving issue by the Earl of Essex, whom she married on the 14th of July, 1825, three sons, namely, Vincent Madden, the Hon. Reginald, and the Hon. Randolph Esq. The Duke of St. Albans, the Dukes of St. Albans, Sir Montagu and Lady Georgina Cholmeley, Lady John Manners, and several families of distinction are placed in mourning by the event.

THE LATE JOHN LEWIS RICHARD, M.P.—Mr. Richard was the son of Mr. Jacob Richard, and nephew of David Richard, the celebrated poet and economist. He was born in 1812, and entered Parliament in 1841 as member for Stoke, which place he has represented for several years. He was one of the earliest advocates of free trade, in connection with Mr. C. P. Villiers, and he aided materially in carrying the repeal of the corn laws. He made the navigation laws his particular study, and in 1847 he moved for a committee on the subject, and warmly supported the repeal of the restrictions on shipping. He was the author of a well-known work on that subject, and devoted much attention to the question of maritime rights in time of war. He was chairman of the North Stafford and North-gate Railway, and founded the Electric Telegraph Company, and it was through his energy and ability that a commercial telegraph system was established in Great Britain. When the value of the invention was little understood, he appreciated it, he risked an immense sum in the support of the undertaking until success was finally attained. He declined a public testimonial, and he resigned the chairmanship of the company. Mr. Richard was highly esteemed by his colleagues in the House of Commons. In private life he was many genial qualities procured him a large circle of friends. He was an accomplished artist and a liberal patron of painting and literature.

SERIOUS FIRE AT NEW-CROSS.—A very serious fire broke out early on Tuesday morning at the Patent Railway Carriage Works, situated at New-Cross. The origin of the fire is unknown; but, as soon as it was discovered a wide sheet of flame rose up in the air, and the whole of the three floors of which the works were composed, were in a blaze. The carriage newly made or under repair, the machinery, rough and delicate, the wheels and iron parts of carriages which the Indians were crammed, were all either consumed or melted by the heat into shapeless masses. The fire was got under in the course of four or five hours, as much from want of further feed as from the action of the firemen.

WE OBSERVE by the *Journal* report of awards at the exhibition that Messrs. Evans, of Derby, whose works we described in our Number for July 26, have obtained a medal for "very strong and most superior sewing-thread," which would seem to imply that the threads shown by that firm were considered to possess the highest merit amongst the nine firms which exhibit in this department.



## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

GLASSWARE.

In the English Courts there is a magnificent display of glass, plain, cut, and engraved. With the English visitor to this quarter the first thought on entering is probably a triumphant one. He will say to himself, "So what progress we have made in glass-making! We, the descendants of those poor seaweed-painted Celts who, centuries before a Roman foot was planted in Britain, exchanged food and skins with their civilised Phœnician visitors for coloured-glass beads, just as the African savages, of to-day barter away their food and fashions to British visitors for coloured-glass beads and small articles of cutlery." Presently, however, there arises before him the apparition of the celebrated New Zealanders standing in on a broken arch of London-bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, and a voice whispers in his ear, "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

In the English Courts, as we have said, there is a grand display of glass. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable sight for a person whose taste is unperverted. How all that delicate bowliness and peerless purity cools and delights the eye! The effect is wonderfully heightened in places where the jars, dishes, vases, flower-stands, &c., are placed upon a looking-glass ground. How charmingly those pure, graceful forms are reflected in the shining Venetian silvered expense beneath! Looking at this grand show of glass one is reminded of the poor Roman glass-blower who, according to the old tradition, flung down a vessel he had fabricated before the astonished Emperor Tiberius, and with the effect only of indenting it, and how, with a hammer, the ingenious artificer afterwards beat the article to its precious shape, and lost his head for his pains, the Emperor declaring that if the glass-blower's secret became known, and malleable glass could be made, gold would thenceforth be of as little value as common clay.

But a good deal of the glass exhibited is, with a marvellous want of good taste, placed upon a ground of white paper. If the articles so displayed were of inferior quality there would be excellent reasons for denying them a peep at themselves. When glass has been accidentally sulphured, for instance, the effect of the reflection in the mirror would be to throw up a smoky hue to the article reflected. But some of the very finest glass in the exhibition is ruthlessly degraded in this way we have indicated. Alderman Capelin is a notorious offender in this respect. His glass case contains some of the most magnificent specimens of glass-cutting ever produced. There are some splendid "ketch-noor" decanters, and the wondrous Eastern gem from which they derive their name scarcely sparkles with more beautiful brilliancy than the imitation diamonds on the sides of those lustrous vessels. There is a starred and jewelled desert service, and some exquisitely-cut flower-glasses, the effect of which is half lost for want of a glass cover.

To all true lovers of the pure and beautiful we earnestly recommend a visit to Mr. Phillips's display of richly-cut glass vessels, set off and mirrored as they are in the most artistic fashion. There is an exquisite chalice studded with large rubies and emeralds, in imitation of the Venetian jewel glasses. The process by which this chalice was made is a curious one. The flint was first coated with ruby, and then fluorine acid was made to eat through the ruby into the flint. More beautiful even than the chalice is a ruby chalice-jug, exquisite in form, and finely jewelled. Those jewels have the effect of dewdrops. Round them is an admirable imitation of cameo-carving, showing how three shades of colouring may be produced from one colour. Then there is the Hebe ewer; a remarkably fine specimen of Raphaelesque decoration. A beautiful female figure, terminating not in a stupendous crinoline, but in a rich and wisely-flowing train of masks and foliage, encircles the vessel. The lady's drapery is extremely graceful. The fair damsel has evidently got a pair of very strong wrists; for on each hand she supports a large eagle, very naturally drawn, and exceedingly beautiful in shape. In glancing at the Hebe ewer, let not the visitor overlook its pretty lip, which is of the veritable Etruscan mould. But the most remarkable articles in Mr. Phillips's splendid collection are undoubtedly his balustrade candelabra, and his crystal table, intended for her Majesty. It is impossible to convey with the pen an adequate idea of this singularly beautiful table. Let us state, however, that its top is made of richly-cut glass of the very purest description, and gives to the eye the notion of a great number of circular perforations. The top rests upon a handsome spiral stem, from which it is easily lifted. The stem, in its turn rests upon three legs, fitted together so as to constitute what we believe to be a perfectly unique specimen of glass-dovetailing. Lastly, this wondrous little table has not in its composition a single metal fixing or one particle of cement. Passing on to the splendid balustrade candelabra, its worthy neighbour and participator in the homage of all tasteful visitors, we meet in it with some very clever imitations of the celebrated water plants of which the crocodile-boat of Meuse was constructed. The arms of the candelabra are made to represent water lilies, and are intended to hold candles. And then there are the most exquisitely beautiful of marvellous shells we ever set eyes on. These lovely marine ornaments rest upon a little mirror, representing water, and clusters of icicles, most charmingly executed in glass, convey the idea of an overflow. We omitted to state that on the glass table before mentioned there stands a pretty little drinking-glass, which in shape and colour closely resembles the flower of the poppy in its mature state. We noticed that the idea of this delicate little article was suggested to the designer by the pretty saying that the poppy was the fairy's wine-cup.

Mr. Naylor exhibits a small but choice collection of glass. We were particularly struck with his pretty service of Venetian glass with coloured threads, and with his Roman vase, finely engraved with Cupids. Not so well pleased were we with a goblet, engraved with what was meant to be a representation of the Last Supper, and in which three of the Apostles are represented without beards. At Mr. Pollatt's table there are some exquisite specimens of glass-cutting and engraving. Surely those Liliputian wine-glasses, elaborately engraved with stars and wreaths of roses, are about the daintiest little drinking-vessels out of England.

Mr. Powell shows a huge block of flint glass, weighing about 11 cwt. This vast mass is as clear as crystal. He also exhibits some ingenious glass waterpipes which are capable of bearing a considerable pressure, and are much cleaner and much cheaper than pipes made of the ordinary material—lead. Amongst the other curiosities visible in this stall are several Brobdignagian inkstands of flint glass, beautifully clear, and weighing from 14lb. to 15lb. each. One of these stands will contain a pint of ink, and may be purchased for five guineas. A handsome printed candelabra, with baskets for fruit and magnificent azure drops, and some exceedingly pretty vases, will of themselves amply repay a visit to this exhibitor's stall. His collection of wine-glasses and chalice-jugs is very chaste and elegant.

Dobson and Pearce exhibit the prettiest flower-stand we have ever seen, being the identical one which last year obtained the first special award for table decoration from the Royal Horticultural Society. Close by this peerless épergne is an exquisite tazza, mounted with gold and having a turquoise edge. Although a little dish, but barely seven inches in diameter, the tazza contains no fewer than thirty pretty designs. This lovely little article is valued at 250 guineas. This firm also exhibits a wonderful jug, upon which a wild cat, of the heraldic rather than natural type, is exhibited in the act of frightening rats, mice, and serpents out of a wood. Near the top of a jug a monkey sits, holding rats, mice, serpents, wood, and all in a string. On each side of "Nature's primest Punchinello" sits a stork, looking as grave as a judge. We were much struck with the expression of the animals' faces. We think we never saw more character indicated in glass-work. Near the tyrant of the woods is a pretty little sherry-jug upon which a spider has woven a wonderfully-natural web, but the workman is invisible. From motives of modesty he has doubtless hidden himself behind one of the handsome leaves in the neighbourhood.

There is a large display of painted and tinselled glass arranged under the night-back double eagle. We certainly cannot congratulate the Kaiser upon the genius exhibited by his loving subjects in this particular manufacture. The quality of the glass is very inferior, and an enormous deal of paint, glazing, metal-work, and tawdry imitation of jewels is employed to conceal the defects of the material.

There are many pretentious objects at the entrance of the Austrian Glass Court. Turning into it from the nave, you pass between two pairs of candelabra. There is little life or sparkle about these articles, even when the sun is abroad. Not only is the glass of these candelabra of a very inferior description, but there is about these articles an immense quantity of ugly metal-work, which, showing through the glass, is not rarely suggestive of sea-birds. We would strongly recommend the visitor who is anxious to know what can really be done in the way of candelabra to walk straight from the entrance of the Austrian Glass Court to the eastern extremity of the nave, and glance at the gigantic pair of candelabra manufactured by Osler of Birmingham. The pillars of these notable productions look for all the world like huge pieces of rock crystal carved out.

In the court devoted to the exhibition of French glass will be found vases not a few of which are singularly pretty in shape; but, as in the Austrian Court, the glass as a rule is greatly inferior to English glass. And here, also, the manufacturers endeavour to conceal the defects of the material by plastering the vases over with gilding, loading them with metal-work, or sticking on them pretty little imitations of jewellery, which would come clean off, or we are much mistaken, under the pressure of a finger-nail. There stands a pretty little vase with handles of emerald. If an English manufacturer had had the making of such a vase he would have furnished it with handles beautifully formed in glass. There, again, is a cane in point. That sweet little water-jug, so exquisite in shape, is smeared over from lip to bottom with odious tinzel. It is curious to note the irrepressible penchant exhibited by French exhibitors in glass for painting or gilding upon their article the letter "N," surmounted by the Imperial crown, letter and crown being almost invariably utterly and most ludicrously out of proportion with the size of the vessel thus adorned.

France is well represented in glass, but where is Venice—pre-eminently the land of mirror-makers? The descendants of her renowned workers in glass are totally unrepresented in the glass courts of the International Exhibition. What a change from the time when, according to Baron von Lowken, the revenue accruing to the Republic from the manufacture of glass was so great that "in order to induce the men engaged in it to remain in the city the Senate made them all burgoises of Venice, and allowed nobles to marry their daughters, whereas if a nobleman married the daughter of any other tradesman the issue was not reputed noble."

## Literature.

*A Short Trip to Hungary and Transylvania in the Spring of 1862.* By Professor D. F. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., &c. W. H. Allen and Co.

Books appear to be produced almost as rapidly as they are forgotten. The gond of Jonah and its fate are typical of many a modern volume. "The flower that blooms to-day to-morrow dies," says Shelley; and the book of the week may find its way into Mr. Mudie's surplus list before we have time to weather. Professor Ansted has been rapid. He has not suffered the printer's ink to dry beneath his feet. His spring trip, completed, we fancy, in June, was comfortably before the world, crisp and hot pressed, by the end of the following month. But electrical as was the production of the work, it is easy to anticipate for it an existence perhaps not so long as the raven's, but at least of greater duration than that of the ephemeral. Professor Ansted is celebrated as a scientific man, and here, in Hungary, he is on his own ground. Moreover, the countries visited have not formed the subject of much writing or bookmaking of late. Indeed, the Professor refers to only one authority, Mr. Paget, who published a work as far back as 1837, unless, indeed, Murray's Handbook may be mentioned, a late edition of which, 1858, still continues to describe Hungary in all the dark colours proper enough a quarter of a century since, but singularly untrue at the present day: for almost everything has undergone a change vastly for the better. Hungary was then, as described, an almost inaccessible country. But now excellent railroads carry the traveller hundreds of miles in two or three directions, and are likely to be soon extended to the shores of the Black Sea. Good roads connect the principal towns, whilst good food and wine, and sometimes cleanliness, may be obtained at any place that plumes itself on its own importance. The steam-boats are the best in Europe, and, in addition, many conveyances of a private and unarranged kind may easily be obtained. The hospitality of the people, from highest to lowest, would astonish a Yorkshireman. Every Hungarian's home is an Englishman's castle. The "host" gives up his state room, or his only room, to the stranger, and scarcely understands that he deserves any payment for such chivalry. Of course, that is in the country. In the large towns, at least at one of the hotels, the "gracious proprietor" can charge with an unblinking front that might excite the envy of one or two landlords living not a hundred miles from Jermyn-street, St. James's. But, taking all things together, the travelling is easy enough, although the variations of climate are extremely severe, and the heavy rains occasion torrents which do not hesitate at removing such obstacles as bridges and accumulating mounds of mud and sand that horse and cart cannot possibly penetrate.

Professor Ansted has viewed the lands he has traversed with a geologist's eye as well as with that of the ordinary travelling Englishman, who endeavours to decipher between the main beam and the Continental shore. But with geology we cannot deal here. It is sufficient to say that the countries abound with most valuable minerals, which, properly worked, would bring them into high importance. But we would prefer to turn to a few pages concerning the people.

While the people still comprise only the two classes—the serfs and nobles—the serf is scarcely the serf that he was, and the noble is no longer the noble. The castle has been razed; but the hotel is still imperfectly datched. The Hungarians are proud of their Oriental descent, and unite in a common hatred of everything German. The Austrian rule has compelled the teaching of the language in the schools; but, as a rule, it is only spoken when it cannot be avoided. However, it is generally understood. Like all people with a pride or prides of any kind, the Hungarians are a difficult race to deal with. Their pride leads them to stubbornness and contempt, and thence to indolence and absurd stolidity. They endure. They will not "grapple with their evil star" beyond that. They will not "make by force their merit known," and possibly cannot do so until the settlement of the Italian question shall give them a chance, now, or not for ages to come. The chances are that if the "King of Hungary"—if there politically and legally be such an entity—were to revive Hungarian institutions with even more liberality than he once promised, the chances are that the provinces would accept the compromise, and sink into a rest which seems to suit the population. For the rest, the domestic picture is singularly pleasing. The modern Hungarian gentleman is distinguished at once by his costume and his manners. The coat and breeches are national. Wherever braiding is feasible the braid is embroidered on with a lavish hand. His manners are graceful and courteous, whilst at the same time reserved and high-toned. The peasantry also are distinguished for their respectfulness towards strangers, much as Sir Francis Head describes it elsewhere in the "Babbler." They relinquish fieldwork, and range in rank to salute the passer-by. The dress is wild enough, formed principally of sheepskin, with the wool on, and so durable that very few suits ever adorn a lifetime. The women are scarcely distinguishable from the men, save that at times they reduce themselves to a garment exclusively feminine. The ladies, and especially in the large towns, are crinolineed up to the eyes, we were about to say; but yet they are a pattern in some things to the much-vaunted ladies of the West. Out of the towns, at least, they perform all those offices for which we employ special servants. They are excellent cooks, and, superintending, if they do not execute all the dishes for all meals. They wait on the guests, frequently dining afterwards in another room, and then returning to join in the post-prandial conversation. In the morning it is the same. These dear, self-sacrificing creatures will not sip their coffee until they have served

everybody else, and all this without affectation and without effort. The children are singularly respectful towards their parents, and the amount of kissing between old and young must somewhat diminish the value of that amiable salute in the eyes, or rather lips, of young people who meet—quite by accident—behind curtains or in village lanes. The habit of kissing the hand is said to prevail amongst the lower classes throughout the south of Hungary and Transylvania, and probably in other places.

The result of Professor Ansted's book is that such a tour as he performed is at once novel and interesting. But now that there are such magnificent steamers, offering such excellent accommodation, constantly running on the Danube, he recommends the traveller to proceed as far east as possible by railroad, and then to ascend the river—a plan hitherto quite unknown, and one he thinks best calculated to absorb all the finest attractions of that mighty stream. In case intending tourists should visit these strange lands, a little acquaintance with the pronunciation of the consonants, so lavishly strewn in the language, will be found useful, and especially in the names of towns. Thus *s* is always pronounced *sh*; *Bekam*, for instance, is pronounced *Beksham*; *sz* is pronounced like *z* alone; thus *Szaska* is *Saska*; *z* alone is pronounced a little harder than it is with us; *cs* is like *j* in English, thus *Zell* becomes *Jell*; *cs* is *ts*, and *cs* is *ch*. The final *y* is entirely dropped. The Professor is by no means reticent in his descriptions of the cities and of scenery; but we need not transfer his agreeable pages to these columns.

*Relics of Shelley.* Edited by RICHARD GARNETT. Edward Moxon and Co.

Readers of magazines will remember some papers (or a paper) in "Macmillan" by Mr. Garnett, and two or three in "Fraser" by Mr. Peacock, all of which appeared about two years ago. The volume before us, which is, we gather, only the prelude to a larger and fuller résumé of the facts of the disputed portions of the poet's life, contains some fragments of prose and poetry disentangled from the mass of Shelley's papers—some letters of Mrs. Shelley, and one or two of Shelley himself—a reply to Mr. Peacock in re Harriet Shelley (the poet's first wife); and a poem by Mr. Garnett himself, which we like better, perhaps, than anything in "In Egypt, and other Poems."

The interest which attaches to the fragments of prose and verse of Shelley's own is not, to our thinking, very great to the ordinary reader. One sympathises, however, with the labours of those who have devoted themselves to extracting the sense from the MSS. left by the poet. The accounts given on all hands of what his rough "copy" was like are horrifying. We are told that a whole "page" full of writing frequently yields only two or three available lines, which must be painfully disentangled from a chaos of obliterations. The manuscript of "Hellas" presents, as an average, says Mr. Garnett, ten lines effaced for one retained. Those who hold in their memories the exquisite lines beginning—

*Ariad to Miranda, Take  
This slave of music for the sake  
Of him who is the slave of thee,*

will be amused to have recalled to their minds Mr. Trelawny's account of the MS. "It was a frightful scrawl—words smeared out with the fingers and written one upon the other, over and over, in tiers. . . . It might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with brambles, and the blots for wild ducks!" It cannot be said that Shelley's poems show no traces of verbal elaboration; they decidedly do, and we incline to think that his first versions were generally his best.

The prose fragments from Shelley's own pen are striking, as showing here and there how keenly he felt the abuse of reviewers, whatever he fancied about his own indifference. After all possible deductions are made for occasional wordiness, it must be admitted that Shelley wrote wonderfully prose.

The letters from Mrs. Shelley to Leigh Hunt give some life-like glimpses of her story after her husband's death, but do not add to our knowledge of her and her capacities. That, at least, is our opinion. Mr. Garnett thinks differently.

The most exciting part of the book consists of the reply to Mr. Peacock; and, though it is a long way from being exhaustive (so far as material was at hand) it seems to be quite complete upon all the main points. That the estrangement between Shelley and his first wife was not due to his meeting with Mary Godwin, but was of antecedent date; that friendly relations continued between Shelley and Harriet after he had been abroad with Mary; that he had given instructions for a settlement for her benefit; that her drowning herself was not chiefly due to the separation between them—all this seems to be already made out by Mr. Garnett, and to be susceptible of still further proof. This father proof of the world will be glad to see, and also to see a direct and complete answer to a letter addressed by "C. R. S." to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, and published in that serial on the 8th of May, 1858. In that letter occurs this tremendously ugly passage:—"Will Mr. Hogg inform the readers of his next volume what the condition of this unhappy woman (hardly more than a child) was at the time of her death, and publish the letter addressed by her husband to the solicitor who appealed to his sense of common humanity in her behalf?" The letter from which we take this question was mistaken in tone, but the world at large, and above all, the lovers of Shelley, would like an answer to this challenge. It must, however, be remembered that a very few words of explanation often suffice to turn the edge of the most odious insinuation; and also that it is the business of the person making a charge to "produce" the document in support of it.

We have to add that, though Mr. Garnett has the best of the argument, we think him hard upon Mr. Peacock, who, we believe, intended to do the truth a service.

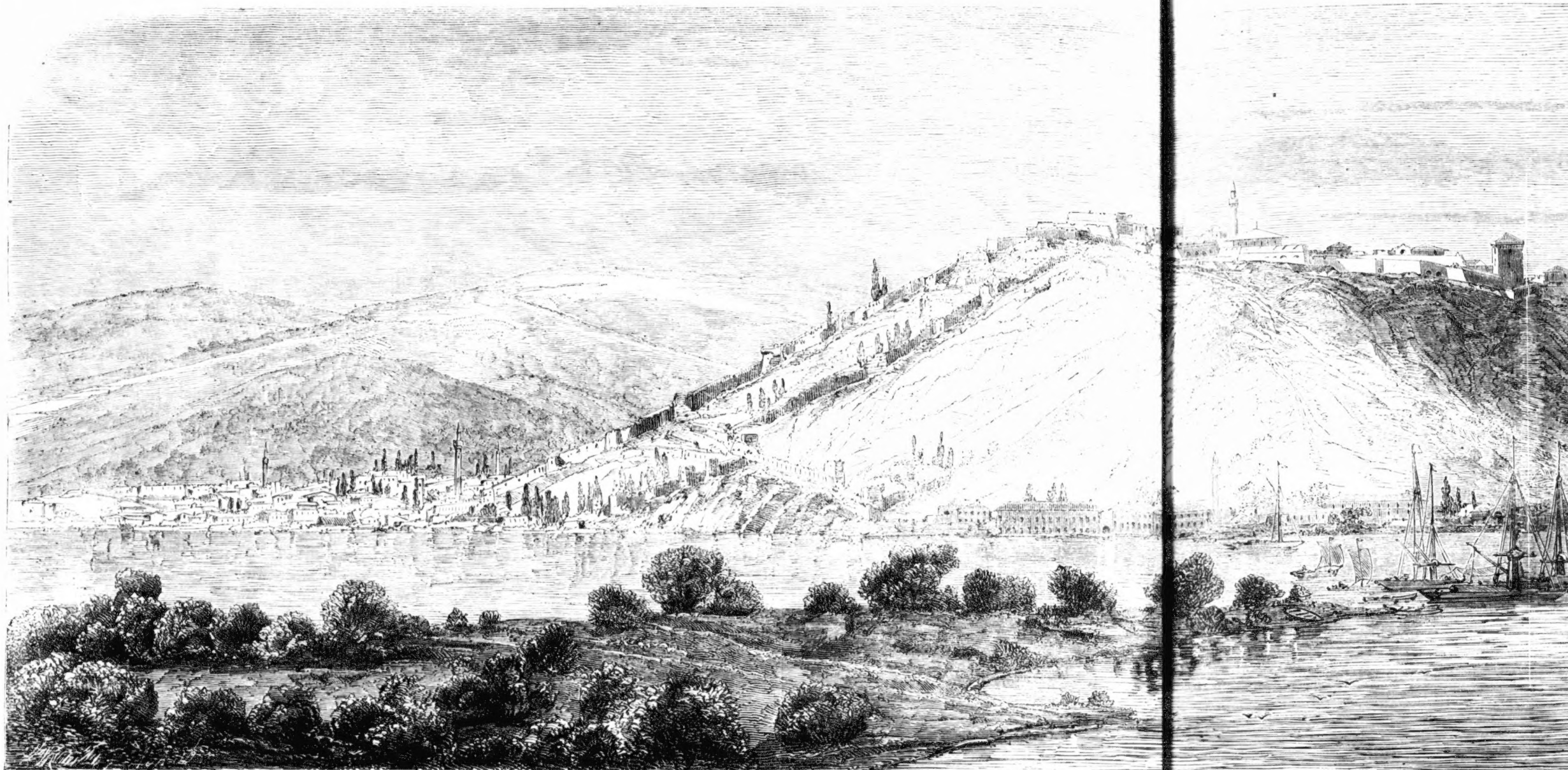
*Golden Words.* No. I. John, Henry, and James Parker.

This thin octavo is a reprint of choice passages about prayer and the Bible—really choice passages, selected from saints and divines of the English Church. We think it might be better, especially in the matter of arrangement; but it might be worse, and it is welcome.

In truth, there is in English literature a great want of *Catholic* books of devotion. Perhaps, however, there is very little demand for books of devotion of any kind. The average Briton, for sacred reading, prefers a combination of the regulative and the dogmatic. Still, there is a public for the literature of devout aspiration, as is proved by the partial popularity of "The Christian Year," and a few other books of that order, and "Golden Words" should not be a total failure. The volume before us is the first of a series. We think it a great fault that the matter is typographically so crowded up. In real poetry, and indeed in heavily-weighted writing of all kinds, the eye craves large interspaces as well as handsome margins.

THE ARTISTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The leading sculptors and painters whose works are exhibited in the picture-gallery of the exhibition have lodged a protest with the commissioners against the drapery now forming a background to the works of sculpture in the fine-art galleries of the exhibition, on the following grounds:—1. That drapery so dark in tone is unsuitable as a background to works in white marble or plaster by apparently increasing their whiteness and diminishing by contrast the force and depth of their half tones and shadows, rendering these insufficient to express the intended degree of projection and relief essential to the clear interpretation of the sculptor's design. 2. That the present selection of colour is equally, nay more, objectionable in relation to pictures, as it greatly deprecates or utterly destroys all their warm tints. The fatal effects of the contrast, as seen in the galleries of the exhibition, we are assured you will most readily estimate. They add, "A sense of the far advance of the season, we yet earnestly hope that you will, by removing the objections herein stated, protect the interests of those who, by contributing their labours to the exhibition, have done their utmost for its success; and, whilst deeply regretting the necessity for this form of application, we feel that we should be open to reflections of injustice, incompetence, or indifference, especially from our Continental brethren, did we not take this step in requesting an alteration of what we all here unitedly condemn."





### BELGRADE.

THE Montenegrin difficulties have rather increased than diminished, although the Turkish force has recently gained some decided advantages. The Servians have now, however, joined issue, inasmuch as there are serious disturbances amongst them in consequence of the Montenegrin reverses. Public attention is at present settled, therefore, upon Belgrade, and in his last appeals to the Hungarian patriots Garibaldi calls upon them to witness the probable victories by which the banners of the peoples now struggling for independence will float over the fortress there. To this appeal, however, the Hungarian General Klapka replies that the example of Serbia is rather a warning than an inducement to follow the same policy, since nothing is to be gained by precipitating events. In any movement of the Servians Belgrade is a position of considerable importance, not only because it is the capital, but in consequence of its fortress and the important position it occupies at the confluence of the Save and the Danube. Unhappily, this very position has caused the fine fortifications of Belgrade to change masters ten times during the present century, and to be besieged about twenty times, during which many of the works were almost entirely destroyed. The city itself, like all semi-Turkish cities, is a mixture of half-ruined houses and mosques, more or less ornamental. The handsomest of these is that which is comprehended in the citadel, and which consequently commands every part of the city. Belgrade possesses also monuments sufficiently interesting, besides several Catholic churches, the palace of Czerni-Georges, and the ruins of that of Prince Eugene. The population, which is altogether of a mixed character, comprises about 10,000 individuals of different nations.

Letters from Constantinople on the present state of the Serbian question announce that the representatives of the great Powers assembled at the residence of the Grand Vizier and communicated to each other the adhesion of their respective Governments to the resolutions *ad referendum* adopted at a previous sitting. The French Minister, M. De Moustier, opened the proceedings by informing his colleagues that France desired to reconcile the provisions of the Paris treaty with the necessities of Serbian independence; and that, though she did not admit the pretensions of Prince Michael respecting the fortress of Belgrade, she was anxious that the Principality should have great and efficacious guarantees for its independence. This declaration of M. De Moustier seemed to the other representatives a sort of middle term between Prince Labanoff, the Russian Ambassador, and Sir Henry Bulwer, the representative of England.

Sir Henry Bulwer, it is said, was of opinion that Serbia should not seek to improve her situation either by violence or plotting. He considered that there were other means at her disposal, and which she had on previous occasions turned to good account. It was a well-known fact that Turkey had not been oppressive towards her vassal Principalities; and she could not in justice be made responsible for what had lately taken place at Belgrade. To accord the least modification in the Act which constituted Serbia would be to encourage plots and to endanger at every moment the tranquillity of the provinces of the empire.

The Turkish Ministers coincided in these views. Fuad Pacha, moreover, explained briefly the nature of the inquiry which took place both in Serbia and Bulgaria, and pointed to the agitation in which the people were kept in these two provinces. He showed that Serbia had not hesitated to exceed the limits of her independence; she had created an army of 50,000 and even of 100,000 men; and even in her last Skouptschina attributed to her Prince the Sovereign right of concluding treaties with other Powers. When no Sovereign was found to contract family alliances with the sons of Milosch, this personage allied himself with the agitators in various localities.

The Grand Vizier corroborated what Sir H. Bulwer said relative to the pacific and conciliatory disposition of the Sublime Porte; but he expressed his deep regret that the ambitious designs of Serbia, promoted by the most abnormal circumstances, should force the Sublime Porte to keep on foot in Turkey in Europe an army of 100,000 men. He hoped that the conference would enlighten Serbia on her duties as well as on her rights, and put an end to the hopes and aspirations of the enemies of order.

Another conference on the affairs of Serbia was held at Constantinople on the 13th inst. The representatives of France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were present. The discussion was of considerable length, but the different Powers are not yet completely in accord on the Serbian question. It was agreed, however, that the fortress of Belgrade shall be occupied by a Turkish garrison. The fortresses that are not indispensable for the defence of the line of the Danube are to be demolished.

Since the result of these conferences has become known, the political excitement in Serbia has increased. The Prince is urged immediately to convoke the Skouptschina (National Assembly), and it is feared that he will be obliged to yield to the great moral pressure to which he is subjected. Should the Skouptschina meet, a war between Serbia and Turkey is almost inevitable, as the Servians are greatly exasperated that the Montenegrins have been left without support in their prolonged struggle for liberty and independence. Garaschanin, the Serbian Minister-President, has tendered his resignation, but it has not been accepted by Prince Michael. The organs of the South Slaves highly praise the Serbian army, but Austrian officers affirm that it will not be able to make head against Omar Pacha's troops. The

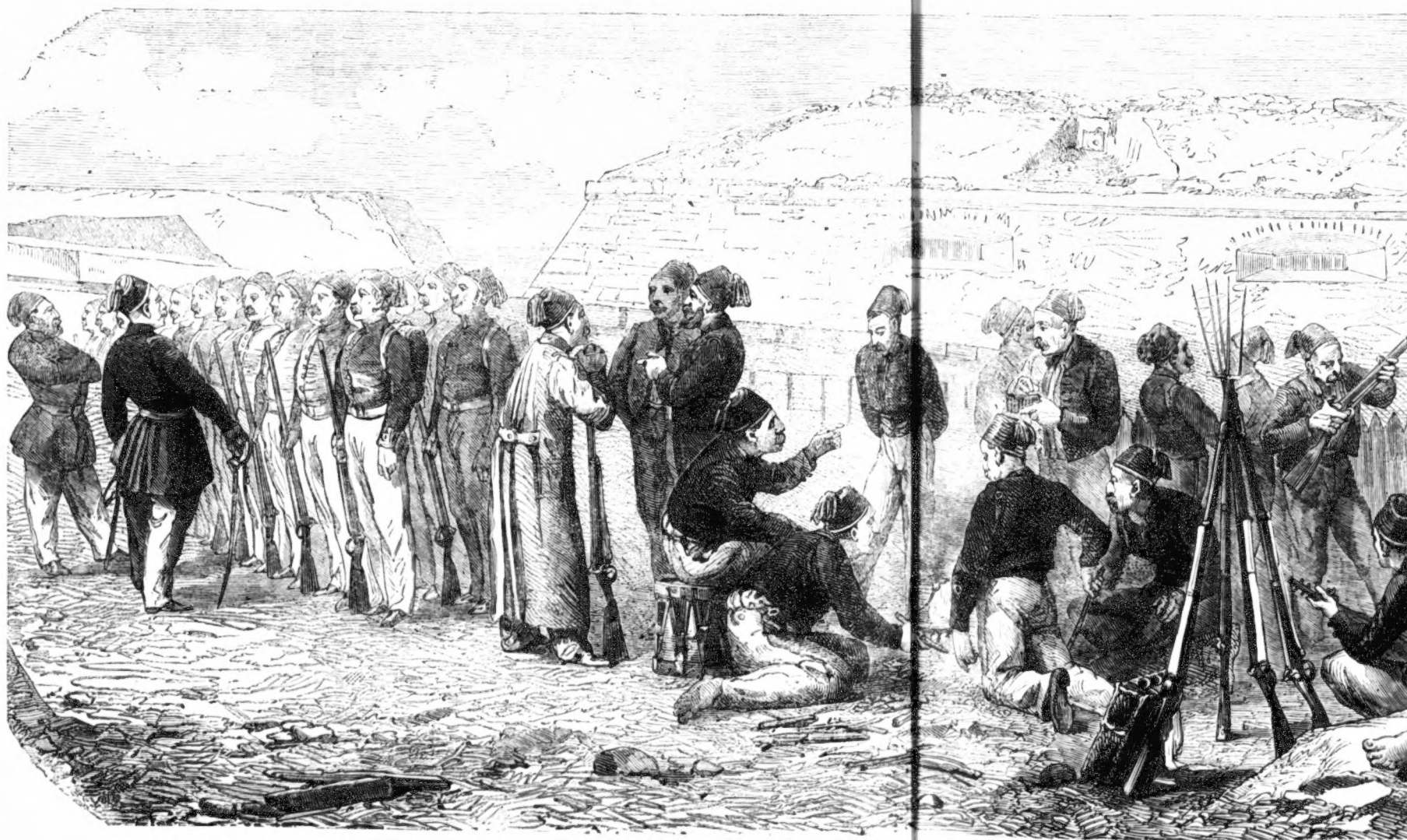
Montenegrins are in great distress. They are in want of provisions and ammunition, and probably will soon be obliged to accept the terms proposed by Omar Pacha, which are:—1. Recognition of the sovereignty of the Porte, and (2) the payment of an annual tribute. If Omar Pacha were not obliged to keep an eye on Serbia, he would soon be able to force his way to Cetinje, but as things now stand he cannot venture to send his regular troops into the heart of Montenegro. The Serdar Ekrem now fortifies all the positions he takes from the Montenegrins, and his movements are therefore extremely slow. During the last week above a thousand Austrian subjects have crossed the frontier in Montenegro, where they are now fighting against the Turks. The Viennese Government is greatly enraged at such open defiance of its positive orders, and declares

that it will confiscate the property of the absentees if they do not at once return to their homes. Recent intelligence states that the Montenegrins have accepted Omar Pacha's terms—that is, nominally, for it is also stated that they continue, notwithstanding, to make excursions and capture prisoners whenever an opportunity offers itself.

The Sultan's Government has recently submitted to the representatives of the Great Powers sitting in conference at Constantinople an elaborate memorandum on the relations between the Sublime Porte and Serbia. "This narrative," it says, "will make known the true motives and the principal incentive to the reciprocal conduct of the authorities of the citadel and of Serbia." The document is of enormous length, and would

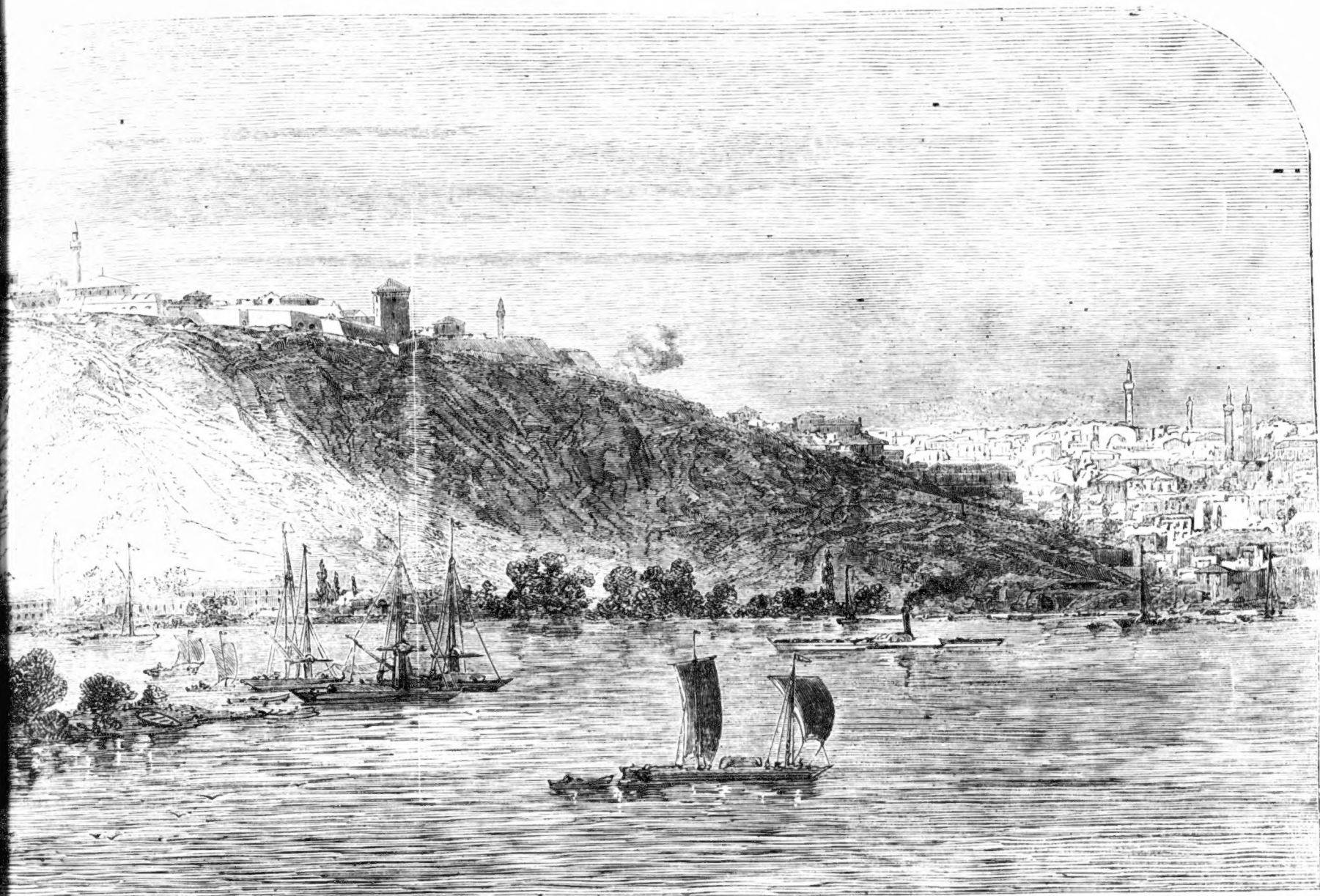
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ENCAMPMENT OF TURKISH TROOPS IN THE DITCH OF THE FORTRESS OF BELGRADE.





THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

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occupy four or five columns if we printed it *in extenso*. We will, therefore, make some extracts, and indicate its general purport.

It glances, in the beginning, at the mutual rights and obligations existing between the Porte and Servia.

The acts which constitute the principality of Servia are known; the rights and duties of all are therein clearly specified. The simple comparison of the tenor of these acts with the existing state of things will suffice to prove on which side they have been misunderstood. In virtue of one of the articles of the constituent act, Mussulmans should only inhabit the suburb of Belgrade, or rather the circle commanded by the fortress by means of the trenches and works which encircle it

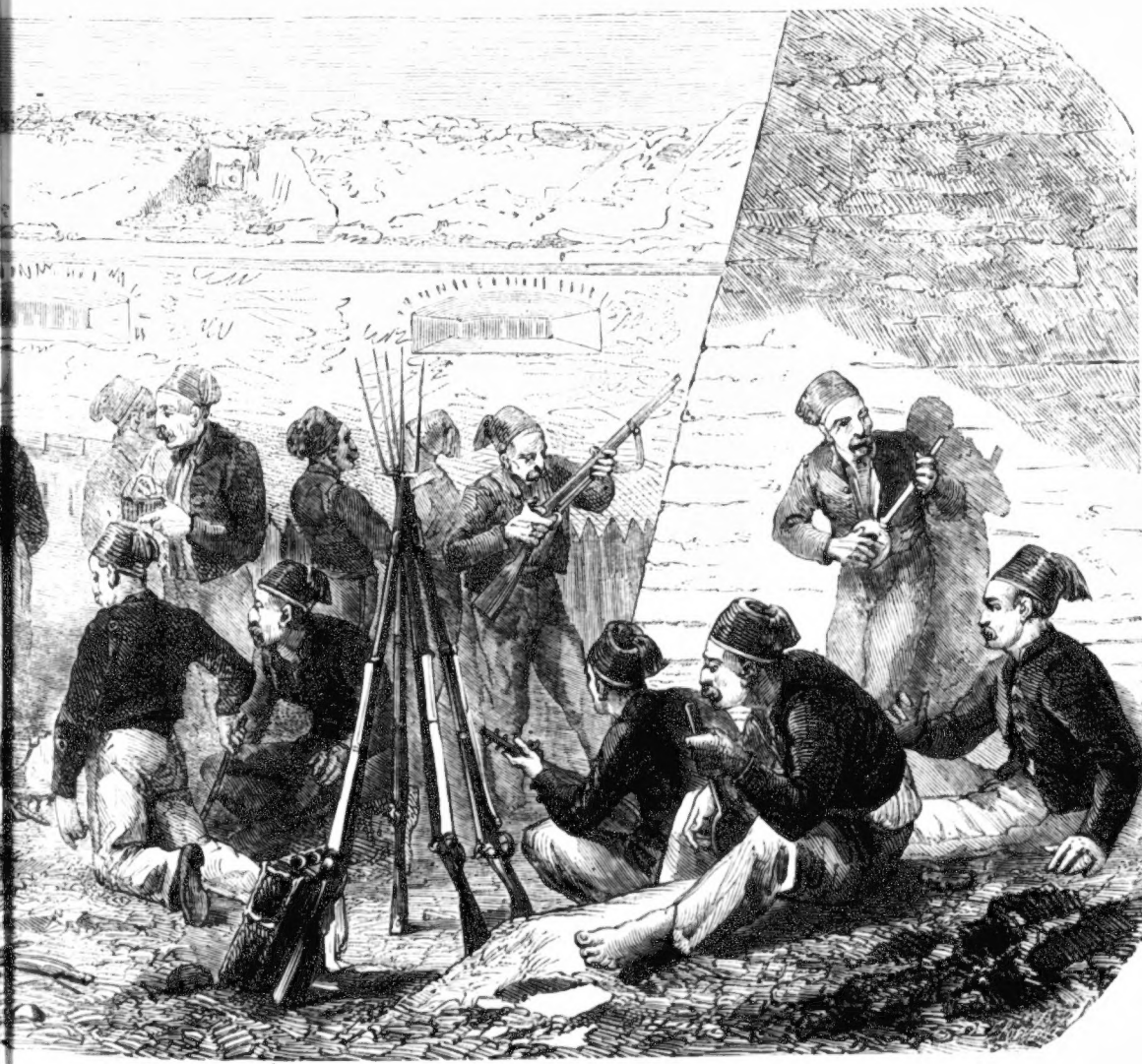
*ab antiquo*. The right to inhabit and trade in this Mussulman town has been reserved to the Servians, and the Turks have been interdicted from building outside the town of Belgrade. It has also been decreed that the Mussulmans should only obey the direct authority of the Muhafiz, so that the citadel with the suburbs may remain an absolute property of the Ottoman Government; and the Servian authorities of Belgrade have no right to intermeddle with the police control of the Mussulmans residing in the suburb, and still less with the garrison of the fortress. Under these conditions the purchase and sale of property between the Turks and Servians are tolerated. This is the state of matters which received the solemn sanction of the signing Powers of the Treaty of Paris in 1856. A conscientious examination of the position of the fortress and the suburb will also prove that this arrangement was only adopted at the time by an absolute necessity, and that the denomination of the suburb is not even applicable to the part in question. The suburb is the part of a town which is beyond its gates and its bounds; but the part of the town of Belgrade to which this designation is wrongly given is in reality only the circle (*rayon*) without which no fortress can exist. These, in brief, are the obligations and the reciprocal rights in the special question of the suburb of Belgrade.

The document proceeds to say that these conditions have been violated in numberless ways by the authorities of the principality. It is particularly urged that "even in the suburb of Belgrade, where the Servian Administration has neither need nor right to maintain more than a few police agents, it has organised, under the denomination of gendarmerie, a corps composed of many hundreds of men chosen from among the scum of Servia—from men who have taken refuge in the principality in consequence of crimes committed in other parts of the empire." Then follow a number of specific charges relating to ill-treatment of Mussulmans by Servians. It is then stated that, on the 8th of June, Prince Michael left Belgrade, when the town was far from tranquil, in order that the outbreak might take place without directly compromising himself. The outbreak itself at last arose between a party of Servians, under a dragoman named Simeon, and some Turkish soldiers.

In consequence of the alarm spread by the Servians propagating the false report of the assassination of an infant by the Mussulmans at Tchoucour Tchetchemi (on the subject of which the Servian authorities refused to hold an inquiry) the dragoman Simeon, with the gendarmes and the yuzbachi, Ibrahim Agha and some soldiers, met about thirty steps from the Turkish guardhouse (*zaptié*). Ibrahim Pacha invited the Servians to enter therein to inquire into the affair. This invitation, so natural and so legal, appeared to have excited the anger of the dragoman Simeon, who wished to convey the Ottomans to the Servian guardhouse. Ibrahim Pacha had scarcely given this invitation when Simeon drew his sword and ordered the men to fire. One Turkish soldier was wounded, one was killed; and their comrades, in order to defend themselves, fell upon the Servians. The dragoman and two Servians received the punishment they merited by their aggression. The crowd having somewhat dispersed, the soldiers returned to the guardhouse.

The remainder of the document details subsequent events with great minuteness. The Servians, according to this, were the aggressors in the attack on the fortress.

In the midst of this aggressive movement some guns were brought to the side of the Yeri bazaar and Parouch Capou, and some howitzers were placed at the side of the church and at the head of the Bayrakli Djami-street. The musketry fire became considerably warmer, the explosion of a bomb was heard near the mosque in the citadel, and another, fired from the neighbourhood of the church, burst in the air between the military hospital and the Widdin gate. The council then decided unanimously to check the advancing body by a musketry fire; but these people, amongst whom sharpshooters were remarked by the collets of their uniforms, without stopping their march or ceasing their fire, approached the nearer to the gates of the citadel. Feeling convinced that the garrison were not allowed to use their artillery—a conviction which had become a stimulant to their audacity and their arrogance—they attempted the ramparts by a short cut in the hope of becoming masters of them by a bold coup de main. On another side a corps of regulars issued by quick steps from the vicinity of the church, where barricades had been erected. The council deliberated as to the employment of the cannon. Some officers were sent to the battlements to watch the progress of the attack, and returned to make known the necessity of defence. Towards half-past eight in the morning two guns charged with powder were fired at intervals from the fortifications of the Stamboul gate, and the flags were hoisted. Even this demonstration did not arrest the fire of the Servians, who penetrated as far as the ditches. The fortress was so little prepared, and there was so little thought of bombarding the town, that at this critical moment the drawbridges were not raised nor the gates perfectly secured. The result was that the Servians would have been able to invade the citadel if they were not opposed by the artillery in their advancing attack. They were thus driven from the Widdin gate by guns fired from the lower battery, whilst the upper battery of the Stamboul gate and that of Caranlik Capou directed their fire upon the Place d'Armes and the Save. The Servians thus ceased the attack, abandoned the approaches to the citadel during an interval of a quarter of an hour and intrenched themselves in the neighbouring houses.



DITCH OF THE FORTRESS OF BELGRADE.



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

### MR. ROUPELL, M.P.

THE case of William Roupell, late member of Parliament for Lambeth, now self-accused perjurer, forger, and thief, affords one of those rare instances in which the mere factitious interest of crime rises into a matter for philosophical consideration and practical guidance under many various aspects. There is, firstly, the political aspect of the affair. Be Roupell what he may, he is, or was, a representative man. Lambeth proudly declared him the proper and most eligible exponent of its sentiments and its aspirations. The man, it seems, was a mere cheat, a popular fraud, an opaque windbag labelled with many figures under the denomination of pounds sterling. Was he therefore an unfit man to serve in Parliament? We think not. The British House of Commons pretends to represent the nation, and to pretend to represent them without representing their follies, vices, and crimes, would be absurd. If the country were to be represented by a Parliament of angels, popular tumults, not to say revolution, would be inevitable. There is another view, of a moral and perhaps ethnological character, which this case opens out to us. The Roupell family was founded by this man's grandfather, professedly a dealer in old lead, notoriously the keeper of a "melting-pot." Strange stories are told of the old man and his meltings, of his customers, and of his gains. He died, however, enormously rich, so that his profits were but of small avail to him, who neither spent them during life nor could remove them at his death. Hence the wealth comes to this criminal's father, who, already the parent of a family, is led in after years to marry the mother of his children, and thus to perform an act which if carried earlier into effect might have served to remove one great motive, if not the greatest incentive, of the crimes which now fill the ears of all Europe.

This is the hereditary stock whence comes the wretched man whom Lambeth has delighted to honour. With such a descent traceable through two generations, the precedent being lost in common ignominy, who can wonder at this man's feebleness or moral principle any more than at the tendency of any other unfortunate to hereditary gout, scurvy, or madness?

Strange stuff has been written, by contemporaries not impotent of better things, about the "abilities" of this man. He had taken University honours, he had passed the examination necessary for the profession of a solicitor, he had—no matter how—got himself elected into Parliament. His very forgeries have been adduced as evidences of tact and cleverness. Against all this kind of assumption we protest most earnestly. It requires no extraordinary astuteness for a student to gain a degree at a university. The main thing is to be in a position to study and compete for it, and this once obtained, the prize falls within the grasp of a very humble class of intellect. His admission as an attorney is still less wonderful, when it is considered that five years' apprenticeship is a necessary qualification, and that the ordeal of examination is yearly passed by hundreds of young men who have not had the advantage of early training at a university. But we find that, in addition to the advantages of education and position, Roupell was started in life with some twenty thousand pounds. An attorney commencing business with such a sum as this must be indeed the most fatuous of his class to fail of worldly success. Roupell has all these advantages, and more to boot, and yet not only fails, but ends by branding his own name with ineffaceable disgrace and landing his body in a felon's gaol. And then our brethren of the press, each, as we trust and believe, equal in talent, character, education, and intellect to the aggregate genius of a dozen such as this man, hold up their hands in admiration, and call upon us to applaud the fellow's "abilities!"

Our observations apply equally to Roupell whether he be or not guilty of the crimes of which he stands self-accused. For, if his confession be, as it may turn out, a falsehood either wholly or in part, he is none the less a perjurer, he is none the less a criminal seeking his own gain by fraud of unusual enormity. For all we can yet tell, this apparently candid avowal of guilt may be part of a deeply-laid scheme to recoup the losses of folly, error, and extravagance out of the pockets of honest and innocent purchasers. We have no opinion on the matter one way or the other, for where there is no evidence there can be no judgment—nothing beyond supposition. But, if this suggestion have any ground, the plan has already partially succeeded. The astounding revelations of that trial at Guildford have, no doubt, struck a panic among the holders of property throughout the entire county. And herein appears another curious anomaly of English law. On the opposite side of the Thames the alleged forgery of the deed of gift would have been next to impossible; for Middlesex is a register county, and the cleverest of forgers could scarcely counterfeited the bold imprint of its register-office, with its Roman and old English characters and the well-known signature of its Deputy Registrar, or would run the risk of perjury in support of a false memorial, filed where all concerned in searching for incumbrances against the grantor would have had access to it

and taken cognizance of the deed. One result may be that Surrey will have a register-office. But, whether so or not, every piece of property of the county has been temporarily deteriorated in value, and will be refused when proposed as security for mortgage, except at increased interest. This is the boon which Roupell confers upon his enlightened constituency, and thus does the round of wrong, ever righting itself in the whirl of its revenges, avenge the election of a wealthy squanderer upon the pockets of his worshippers.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, on the 22nd inst., accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold, performed the ceremony of laying the first stone of a cairn to be erected upon the summit of Craig Lawrigton to the memory of the Prince Consort.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark will take place in the ensuing spring.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ALBERT MEMORIAL FUND now amount to more than £20,000.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL with the Princess of Pia Savoy is to take place in September.

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES, FRANCIS II., has published a protest against the recognition of Italy by Russia.

IT IS PROPOSED to have a grand banquet at Derby in honour of the Premier.

MR. DISRAELI, M.P., has accepted an invitation to be present at the annual show and dinner at the North-west Bucks Agricultural Association, which are to be held at Buckingham, on Wednesday, the 17th of September.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, who has during the summer been hard at work upon the plans for the future training-hospital for nurses, has been obliged to leave her labours for the present from ill health.

EARL RUSSELL AND FAMILY have returned to Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, from Ireland. In consequence, it is said, of important despatches having been delivered at the Foreign Office requiring his Lordship's immediate attention.

THE IRISH PAPERS ANNOUNCE that the Right Rev. Dr. Beresford, Bishop of Kilmore, Elphin, and Ardagh, is to be elevated to the Irish Primacy; and that the Very Rev. Hamilton Verschoyle, Dean of Ferns, will succeed him in the united dioceses.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY is officially made known in Tuesday night's Gazette.

PEACHES have been exceedingly abundant this year in all parts of France, and particularly at Lyons. A gardener in the neighbourhood of that town has sold his stock for 8000*fr.*

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE GLADSTONE BANQUET AT NEWCASTLE proceed satisfactorily. Some sixty gentlemen have agreed to act as stewards. Three invitations have been sent to Mr. Gladstone to attend meetings the day after the dinner; one from the Mechanics' Institute Union, another from the Literary and Philosophical Society, and another from the Gateshead Mechanics' Institution.

THE KING OF HANOVER has, in deference to popular feeling, withdrawn the new calendar which occasioned the late disturbances, leaving the people to adopt it or not, as they think proper.

AN ENGLISH LADY, named Walker, has recently ascended Mont Blanc.

A STORY IS CURRENT that the Comte de Paris is engaged to be married to the eldest daughter of the Duchess of Parma, a niece of Henri V. It is quite a love match.

A BOY DIED the other day at Grimsby through chewing tobacco immediately.

A BEETROOT SUGAR FACTORY has been established at Geelong, Victoria.

IT IS AGAIN STATED in the Indian papers that the infamous Nana Sahib of Bithoor is alive, and resides in or near to Bhootan, and that his family are now on their way to Bhootan from Benares.

AN ASSOCIATION IS BEING FORMED for the purpose of securing a total repeal of the game laws, or such modifications as will remove this most fertile source of agricultural crime.

A NEW YORK LETTER, just received, states that more than fifty persons have died from sunstroke in that city within a few days.

DURING THE LAST TWO MONTHS 20,000 salmon smolts have been put into the Thames above Hampton, as an experiment to introduce salmon to the river.

IT IS SAID THAT SIGNOR VERDI'S COMING OPERA, "La Forza del Destino," is to be simultaneously represented at Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Rome.

AN ORPHAN HOME FOR COOLIE CHILDREN has been established in Trinidad, and about sixty coolie orphans are now being maintained and educated there.

THE FIRST BALT OF THE BAVARIAN HOOPS of this year's growth has arrived in London, and inaugurates the opening of free trade in hops. It is from the famous Hallidier district.

AS A LADY was walking on the jetty at Margate the wind, which was blowing almost a gale at the time, caught under her chin, and she fell into the sea. A sailor jumped into the water and rescued her.

THE VICTORIAN LEGISLATURE has voted £1000 towards a national monument to perpetuate the memory of Burke, the Australian explorer; also £3000 to the mother and sisters of Willie, the companion of Burke; and an annuity of £35 to King, the survivor of Burke's party.

THIRDS, in his account of Waterloo, having charged Marshal Ney with strategic ineptitude and blundering, the faculty of that "brave de braves" purpose bringing him to book before the law courts for posthumous defamation.

A LARGE LANDED PROPRIETOR in Tipperary is said to have adopted a plan for preventing his own assassination, which would no doubt be successful if generally adopted. He has made a will to the effect that if he is assassinated all his tenants are to be evicted, their houses levelled, and the land converted into a sheepwalk.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER has ordered to be restored to the city of Warsaw all the volumes of the library which were confiscated after the Polish revolution of 1831 and transported to St. Petersburg. This restitution comprises 1700 volumes.

DR. DOUGLAS MACLAGAN is appointed Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Medical Police in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Dr. Traill.

GREY HAIR DYE—not that designed to conceal this colour, but that warranted to produce it—has suddenly become very popular among persons liable to conscription in Baltimore, U.S., who are afraid "to stand in the draught," and a barber who sells it is said to be making money rapidly.

THE FIRST CONVICTION UNDER THE NEW POACHING ACT took place at Malvern last week, when the Bench inflicted a penalty of £1, and ordered the forfeiture of a rabbit which the defendant had shot.

A MONSTER STURGEON was caught in the Solway, near Annan, last week. It measured 10*ft.* in length, 5*ft.* 10*in.* round, and weighed the extraordinary weight of 35 imperial stone 7*lb.*—or 539*lb.*—nearly one-fourth of a ton!

THE NIMROD, 6, screw-sloop, and the JASPER, 2, gun-boat, have been sold to the Chinese Government for service under the command of Captain Sherard Osborn. The purchase-money of the Nimrod is reported to be £15,700, and that of the Jasper £8000.

AS BELL'S CIRCUS WAS PASSING THROUGH KINGSTON a man named Cornman went within reach of one of the lions and was seized by the beast. The man struggled, but the lion was getting a better clutch of him, when the keeper, Mr. Baty, struck it several heavy blows on the paws, and rescued the man.

THE ACTING BRITISH CONSUL AT NEW YORK having communicated to Mr. Seward that H.M.S. Griffin had captured a slave-ship hailing from New York, Mr. Seward in his reply said, "I have to thank you for the information thus communicated, which is, in every respect, entirely acceptable and gratifying."

A LIMERICK PAPER states that there is an estate in an adjacent county the arrears on which amount to £30,000. An agent was lately employed to collect them; but, having received no less than four threatening letters, he resigned, though the appointment was worth £1000 a year—not at all a surprising result.

A CURATE has been appointed to perform the duties of the Rev. H. S. Fletcher, the incumbent of St. Leonard's, Bilton, whose defection—in connection with the Bilton savings bank—is so notorious. The Bishop of Lichfield has subscribed £100 towards a fund for paying the depositors. They have already received a dividend of 5*s.* in the pound.

A BROOKLYN (NEW YORK) LADY purchased an article the other day, when she received the following as change for a one-dollar bill:—Ferry tickets, ship tickets, counterfeit penny, car ticket, milk ticket, butcher's 10 U, grocer's 10 U, bread ticket, three cent postage stamp, one cent postage stamp, and ice-cream ticket.

### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE subject which first demands notice this week is the enigmatical and curious of Mr. William Roupell. It is not necessary to detail his crimes, as they are known by this time to all your readers. It remains only for me to tell what I more or less specially know of Mr. Roupell. It was towards the end of last vacation when I first heard that Mr. Roupell was so hopelessly involved that he would be obliged to vacate his seat. One could hardly believe at first that this rumour was true. Pecuniary difficulties! How could this gentleman get into pecuniary embarrassments in so short a time? His father had been dead only some five or six years, and the wealth which the hon. member inherited from his side was said to be something enormous. As far as I knew then, he had not been an extravagant liver. He had a house in St. James's-square, another at Brixton; but there was nothing extravagant in this, considering that he possessed an income of some £5000 or £7000 a year at least, and had no family, nor even a wife. The rumour, however, spread, gained credence, and when Parliament met was substantiated by the fact that Mr. Roupell had applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. And then there came reports still more disreputable—mysterious rumours of crimes as well as reckless extravagance. I did not mention these last reports in this column because they were not sufficiently authenticated, and it is not safe to publish unauthenticated rumours of this sort, with grim dragons of the law ever ready to pounce upon you if you happen to be wrong, or even in some cases though your information may be correct. There was also another report very curious, about town. It was said that a relative of Mr. Roupell had got hold of his secret, was well acquainted with the crimes that he had committed, and had used the power which this knowledge gave him to extract enormous sums out of his kinsman. This rumour is, I repeat, again renewed, and I am disposed to believe it; for, notwithstanding all that has been revealed, it is still a mystery how Mr. Roupell could in so short a time have got rid of so much money. His election was costly—it probably cost him £7000. He laid out vast sums upon the Roupell Park estate; and I understand that the large brickfield near the Crystal Palace, which was carried on nominally by the firm of Trueman and Co., but which really belonged to Mr. Roupell, through mismanagement had soaked up a large amount of capital. But the money invested on Roupell Park was not all lost. Competent people say that with care this estate will repay the investment. The sum paid for the honour of a seat in Parliament was no great thing for a man worth £150,000, and, if we lay the loss of the brickfield at £20,000, the ruin of Mr. Roupell would not be accounted for. Indeed, it is clear there must have been some other outlet for his money which the public have not been authoritatively made acquainted with yet. In the course of the late trial Mr. Roupell said he had been swindled. Did this assertion point to the demands made upon him by the relative aforesaid?

I know Mr. Roupell. I could almost say, would that I had never known him, for it is not pleasant to think that the man with whom but yesterday you chatted and greeted with the friendly shake of the hand is now confessedly a felon in prison waiting for a trial and the miserable sentence which shall doom him to penal servitude as a convict for at least fourteen years. Mr. Roupell first came into Parliament in 1857. The people of Lambeth had become dissatisfied with Mr. Arthur Wilkinson. He was a good member, but he was rather brusque in his manners and too independent; in short, hardly subservient enough for a metropolitan constituency, and so they determined to discard him. And as Mr. Roupell, who had just then come in to his fortune, was reported to be exceedingly rich, ready to spend his money, and, moreover, was a native, when he stepped into the arena, and expressed a wish to be the member for Lambeth, he was of course elected. Indeed, such was the furor which he evoked by his free-and-easy manners, his talking capability, and especially by his lavish expenditure, that poor Mr. Wilkinson was swept away as with a flood, and even the Lambeth favourite, Mr. William Williams, was only second upon the poll. The number of electors in Lambeth was at that time somewhat over 20,000. Mr. Roupell polled 9318 votes; Mr. Williams, 7648; Mr. Wilkins, 3224. Mr. Roupell therefore topped Williams by 670, and Mr. Wilkins by 6094. Roupell was then the idol of the hour. Who could have thought that at the very time that he was all in the glory of this triumph ruin and disgrace stared him in the face? And yet it must have been so if we think of it; for at that very time he had, according to his own confession, committed ten forgeries and more than once been guilty of perjury; and even then, if the report alluded to be true, that relative of his was probably master of his secret and tugging at his heartstrings. The keen says every man has a skeleton somewhere in his house; but what a horrible skeleton must have haunted this man at every turn! It grieved him horribly at him from amidst the crowd of his maddened supporters as he stood on the hustings. At home, night and day, it must have haunted him—poisoning his pleasures, murdering his sleep; and when he stepped into the House as a member of Parliament he must have seen the grim spectre wherever he turned his eyes.

And now let me give you a portrait of Mr. Roupell as he appeared to me—nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. Malice! No, not malice; pity rather than malice. In stature Mr. Roupell is short, undersized rather than over the average height; in countenance, I should say, good-looking; and certainly there is nothing discernible in his face of craft or guile; nor, indeed, are there any of those outward and visible signs of the practised rogue which are generally supposed to make themselves visible in the delinquent to the discerning eye. The manners of Mr. Roupell were rather dandified, but still gentlemanly; whilst it was possible to talk with him without coming to the conclusion that, if he was not an able, he was certainly a well-educated and well-informed man. Nor was there in his appearance anything of the rake or debauchee, or even any signs of fast living. In short, when I heard that he really was in difficulties, it appeared to me impossible that the rumour could be true; and when authenticated reports came of his crimes I was utterly confounded.

The most remarkable part of this sad history is the resurrection of Mr. Roupell's conscience. He had escaped from the country, had got into Spain, with which country, I am told, we have no treaty for the delivery up of criminals; but he comes back, surrenders himself, confesses his crimes, makes a clean breast of it, and courts punishment. Some of the papers are hinting that there is some design in all this—go so far, indeed, as to say that Mr. Roupell's confession is not true; that it is all an invention to get the property back again to the family. But this is absurd. Mr. Bovill, one of the ablest and shrewdest lawyers at the bar, evidently believed Mr. Roupell's statement, or he would not have consented to a compromise. And why should it not be true? It is the hardest thing in the world to silence conscience. Nothing but a long course of depravity can do even this; but to destroy it is an impossibility. In Mr. Roupell's case it is probable that conscience was never even silenced; and now it occurs to me, whilst writing, that, as a member of Parliament, Mr. Roupell often gave indications of a conscience. For example, he was scrupulous to understand a question before he voted; and frequently, when the question was unintelligible to him (as questions often necessarily are to honourable members), he refused, notwithstanding pressing solicitations, to vote at all. But space fails, and I must leave this painful subject. Of course there will be shrieking enough over Mr. Roupell's crimes, and that they are hideous everybody must admit; but not from me shall there be any shrieking, but rather a wail of pity and lamentation that a man with whom I have conversed, and whom I had learned somehow to respect, should have fallen so low.

The death of John Lewis Ricardo has taken none of his friends by surprise. For many years he has been afflicted with chronic gout. He was not in the House for several months before Parliament was prorogued, and at the close of the Session it was understood that we should never see him there again. Mr. Ricardo was first elected a member for Stoke-upon-Trent in 1841. He was an able man, and given much to the promotion of electric telegraphy, of which he very early recognised the advantages. He was not a frequent talker in the House, but he spoke reasonably well, modestly, however, upon subjects of limited interest. It is right, however, to note that he was one of our oldest and soundest freemen. Long before the great struggle, he fought in the forlorn hope which Mr. Villiers used to lead against the corn laws.



The "Story of Elizabeth," which commences in the new number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is said to be written by Miss Thackeray, a daughter of the great novelist. Sir John Herschel gives the weight of his opinions and attainments to the "Survey of Literature, Science, and Art," which appears every month in this magazine.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A NOVEL OF "SOCIETY."

It is only of late years that a few persons regularly living in what is called "swell society" have taken to writing for the benefit of the reading public. Mr. Theodore Hook, though very sarcastic upon the snobbery and its denizens, and steeped to the lips in the essence of truckling snobishness, gave but a poor picture of that better world to which he was admitted as a facetious hanger-on, and in which he played a less respected part than did Wamba the jester in the household of Cedric the Saxon. The mild inanities of Mrs. Hemans, who, save in the notable instance of "Cecil the Coxcomb," wrote down to one dull level of drivel, and the worse caricatures of novelists of her school, whose bad English was excused by the French, and whose views of life were of the pure footman type, the adventures of "Flirts," "Jilts," "Beauties," "Younger Sons," the "Captains and Coronets," "Intrigues of a Season," and other literature which so refreshes the soul of the female bourgeoisie during its annual fortnight at Margate, and determines the stage of its behaviour during the coming winter, did duty for many years as the reflex of "good" society.

In this literature dukes always sat in embroidered slippers and velvet robes de chambre conning the billets of the fair contessas; dukes were always served on plates and dishes of gold; the ducal society were always to be recognised by the haughty curve of the nostril, prancing palfreys pawed the earth at their gates; and a singular feature of their banquets was, that the claret was always deliciously iced! These preposterous descriptions, exaggerated in their errors, but worked into tales with infinitely more interest, were repeated in the cheap publications; and, as such phases of life seemed to be rigorously eschewed by all our novelists (if I except the proceedings of the Marquis of Steyne and his comrades, and the marvellous scenes in the "Newcomes"), one began to think that the life of the highborn and the wealthy classes—a real inner life—never would find any chronicler in our day; when suddenly a school arose which, though it boasted of but three or four principles, has already made a stand, and established its popularity at Mod-e. I think the first apostle of this swell-realistic school was Colonel—then Captain—E. B. Hamley, in his capital novel of "Lady Luck and Widowhood." The advantage there gained Colonel Hamley has, unfortunately, never followed up, having eschewed novels and taken to writing heavy and valuable books which no one ever thinks of reading, as is proper with a leading contributor to *Blackwood*. Even before Captain Hamley, if I mistake not, but at all events, contemporaneously with him, another *militaire*, Captain Whyte Melville, was running a somewhat smaller but very inferior course in the pages of *Fraser*. His writings proved that he was a gentleman, and consequently conversant with the usages of good society; but as a writer he was crude, and barren, and imitative. Soon he subsided into the sporting novelist, the recorder of runs, and hunts, and horse-courses, interspersed with turf slang; and while he was in this class the great high priest of the society-novel school burst upon the world with a short one-volume story called "Guy Livingstone." Of this work I have spoken often enough in the columns of this journal, and have nothing now to add to or detract from my former remarks. It is plainly the first work of a man who, brilliantly gifted by nature, has lived a very fast life in very bad good society: of that society he knows every ramification; and he describes all this in a very choice manner, having put into his book an evidently carefully-arranged set of smartnesses, the result of much desultory reading undertaken with a purpose. The ransacking of a capitally-combed commonplace book, rich in classical allusion and in French and Italian quotation, aptly introduced and sparkling with the fascinating doctrines of a very epicurean style of philosophy, went far towards producing the success of "Guy Livingstone," and it was felt that the author, who evidently was very weak at plot-weaving, would have to lay by until he had garnered fresh stores of worldly wisdom. But ere long he broke out again into a second story, called "Sword and Gown," which was a more watered version of his first book, with less plot, less good writing, and more immorality. Very closely to the wind, indeed, does Major Keene, the hero of this delicate novel, sail, and very enlivening are the reflections which the author puts into his hero's mouth (and which he himself indulges) on the subject of death-bed repentances and future punishments. Indeed, so remarkably "strong" was the flavour of the satire work that remarks began to be made, the author was beginning to be thought more than pleasantly improper, and people who before had only said "Oh! now cried 'For shame!'" The big dragons who went about kicking men and loving women—in both cases "not away but too well"—the females who were always showing the tips of their *bottoms* and the fringe of their petticoats, and praying to be led into temptation, and not to be delivered from evil—both were at a discount, and it was clear that the author must either give up novel-writing or change his style. He chose the latter alternative, and we have now the result in "Barren Honour."

It is almost too much to say that the style is changed. The society flavour of the very "swellest," and the delight of the author in his exuberance is apparent at every page. The plot is weaker than ever, while it is more melodramatic; and the gold-beating process has been employed to the ideas thinly strewn here and there with vigorous good will. There are long, straggling bits of by-the-way reflections, and moralisings and wonderings, and so very much, and that much so very sonorous, is often made of a little, that one is inclined to recall the genius who elaborated "Old birds ain't to be caught with chaff" into "It is impossible to ensnare feathered bipeds of an advanced age with the outer husks of corn." And the commonplace book has been refilled of late, and is here re-emptied with such effect that the reader whose classics have grown rather shady since he left college (or who, perhaps, never went there) must sit with his *Leopriore* beside him for constant reference, and even frequently he won't "come home," as the writer is very strong in designating men by patronymics, or by the name of their birthplace. And there are references to "Teucer's galleys clearing the Ægean," and "grim old sea-dogs" dipping their "grizzled beards into black wine"—favourite reminiscences of cheap classicists ever since Mr. Tennyson wrote "Ulysses." And then there is a revival of all the author's readings of Lancelot and Geraint, and Iseult, and the Scotch lassies heroines of the old border ballads, and scraps of floating anecdotes which have the true club ring, and many of which have the flavour of the smoking-room yet hanging about them. An odd *saline* enough, dished up with a *sauce piquante* of a fight with poachers and the usual tremendous hunting feat of the heir and his horse. The garish, too, of subordinate characters is merely a *richauffé* of all we have before. The great difference between this and the author's other works is that it is in decidedly better taste. To the author of "Guy Livingstone" Major Whyte Melville is under immense obligation: he has caught his style of writing and vastly improved upon it. "Good for Nothing" is out and away a better novel than "Barren Honour"; it is one of the best "society" books ever written, but there are bits in "Barren Honour" that Major Melville could not have written.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

REMOURS of the most contradictory nature about the coming theatrical season have been current for the last few weeks, but the following information is, I believe, reliable:—M. Fechter will open the LYCEUM THEATRE immediately after Christmas. The staple of the entertainment will be *drame*, with occasional Shakespearean revivals and light *lancers de ridendo*. The company will be unusually strong, comprising, besides the Lessee, Mr. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, Mr. Walter Montgomery, Mr. Widdicombe, Miss Kate Terry, and other favourites. About Easter the theatre will be

"Barren Honour." A Tale. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." Parker, Son, and Bourn.

redited, and the mechanism of the stage altered after the French fashion. Mr. Falconer has, it is understood, signed for the remainder of the lease of DRURY LANE. This, if true, displaces Mr. Boucicault, who may, perhaps, find his haven in the PRINCESS'S, which is advertised to be let.

#### THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW BICENTENARY CELEBRATION.

THE Bicentenary of the death of the Nonconformist ministers from the Church of England was celebrated on Sunday. In most Nonconformist chapel sermons were preached in reference to the event.

Mr. Binney had an overwhelming congregation at the Weigh House Chapel, Fish-street-hill, the first pastor of which was one of the Bartholomew martyrs; indeed, large numbers of persons who were anxious to hear him upon the subject were unable to obtain standing room. Mr. Binney delivered a set discourse on the occasion; and holding, as he does, a high reputation for ability among the great body of Nonconformists, he may be regarded as a fair exponent of their views on a subject to which their minds at this time are naturally carried back. The rev. gentleman selected for his text the 14th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, verse 5, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." He said that two hundred years ago that day many pulpits in England were vacant, many voices were hushed, and in many places there were sheep without a shepherd. They might profitably consider the significance of that fact, which stood out in history as part of a memorable crisis. The year 1662, Mr. Binney said, took its character from the times which preceded it. It belonged to a period of inquiry, search, questioning, and discussion, and it was a crisis at the close of a very stormy period. In times behind the fourteenth century there was in this country on religious matters a unanimity of ignorance, a state of mental stagnation being encouraged; the souls of men were dead, and dead people it was well known were very quiet. That was the sort of tranquillity enjoyed by our forefathers in those good old times, when the Church was above the State. But in this condition of things a star appeared in the sky, sleepers awoke, the dead arose, and inquiry was set on foot. By the preaching of Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," attention was excited, inquiry was quickened, and the new doctrine, as his message was called, was everywhere eagerly received. Of course there could be no connection between light and darkness, and violent fulminations, therefore, went out against him. There was disagreement, agitation, controversy—it could not be helped, and it was by no means to be lamented. Better, far better was it that there should have been life, action, and progress, with confusion, and battle, and war, than the stagnation of death and the peace of the grave. This was the beginning of healthy action, and was the prelude and the prophecy of the coming day, for the people then began to clamour for the truth, pure and simple. Coincident with this very first agitation, and this cry for truth, there were the utterances of secular ideas, which came to be productive of controversy. Wycliffe had stated that in the primitive church there were only two orders in the ministry, which were considered sufficient—namely, Presbyters and Deacons, and that in the time of St. Paul Presbyter and Bishop meant the same thing. In the reign of Henry VIII. came a contest of another kind, a contest for national independence. The King claimed for himself and his people entire freedom from foreign interference in ecclesiastical matters, and he was right. But at this time Papists and Protestants suffered alike, and frequently at the same stake, the one as a heretic for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the other as a traitor for denying the ecclesiastical supremacy of the King. Matters went on under the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, until they culminated in that state of things with which they were all familiar under the Commonwealth. Then there came a battle for greater simplicity in church rites, for an improvement in clerical habits, and a more clear and decisive declaration of Protestant creeds. It was a curious fact in connection with this subject that in the convocation held in 1662, just three hundred years ago, in the reign of Elizabeth, the Puritan element was so strong that many members holding high ecclesiastical offices were anxious for ritual reformation. A proposition was made to abrogate all saints' days, to omit the sign of the cross in baptism, to discontinue the use of organs, to provide that the priest should not turn his back upon the people at any portion of the service, and to leave the practice of kneeling at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper a matter of discretion. This proposition was carried by a majority of eight of those who were present at the discussion; but, proxies being admitted, the decision was reversed by a majority of one—so near was the Church, in the time of Elizabeth, being reformed by the Puritan element. The Puritans obtained the lead, and many persons were admitted to the priesthood—if he might use the term—who had only been ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. In the middle of 1662, when the death struggle was at its height, those who had been undermost for a hundred years became supreme, and so things continued until the turn of the tide brought back to their old moorings the representatives of the past. With the Restoration there might have been mutual concessions, but such was not the temper of the times. On the part of the Bishops there was only one desire—namely, to get rid of their adversaries; and on the part of those adversaries there was too great a desire, under the circumstances, to introduce radical changes in the offices of the Church. The State, influenced by the Church, then proposed terms which the clergy could not accept without dishonour, and the Act of Uniformity was the climax and the close of one eventful period of our history. What was required was so monstrous that to refuse could scarcely be considered an act of heresy. To have accepted a half or a quarter of what was proposed would have been infamous. The Act of Uniformity involved the denial of everything of moment which had been struggled for; large numbers of the clergy, therefore, gave up everything they had, and many of them, in addition to these privations, suffered severe pecuniary consequences. A wrong principle was common to both parties at that time—namely, a desire that the secular arm should be called in to enforce the provisions of a creed. The lesson to be learnt from the Nonconformists of those days should not be lost sight of, especially at the present day when the secret seemed to be possessed by some how subscription might be harmonised with a denial of almost everything subscribed. The rev. gentleman concluded by saying that there never could be unanimity of knowledge on religious matters, that was, in the sense of scientific demonstration; but there might be unanimity of love, and the cultivation of that feeling he strongly counselled amongst all denominations of Christians. In connection with this bicentenary movement a sum of considerably more than £100,000 has been raised. Many of the High Church clergy dwell upon the same subject on Sunday, taking of course a very different view of the matter to that urged by Mr. Binney. They contended that the seceding clergy had no right to the benefices of which they had possession at the Restoration; that their own conduct provoked hard measures, and that with "the two thousand" of 1662 the Dissenters of the present day could have no legitimate sympathy.

POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the summer show of poultry took place at the Sydenham Palace; and the opinion of the judges appointed to award prizes to the successful exhibitors was that, in many respects, marked improvements were perceptible, whilst the general character of the display, considering that the season has been unfavourable to the condition of the "feathered tribe," fully realised their expectations. The printed regulations which required, as the test of excellence in the objects exhibited, "high condition, quality, beauty of plumage, purity of race, and uniformity in the markings, combs," &c., were certainly obeyed in numerous commendable instances, and the still more stringent law which enacts that, with certain specified exceptions, the poultry must be the produce of the year 1862, appeared to have been most successfully acted upon. In point of numbers the show was considerable. Most remarkable perhaps for uniformity of plumage, as well as solidity of form, were the Cochin China fowls, whose breed, it is satisfactory to find, has by no means deteriorated in the few years since they were amongst the *rare ones* of this country. The various breeds of Spanish and Dorking fowls also presented some notable proofs of the great care which had been expended in their development. The collection of Hamburg fowls—those beautifully-marked and well-behaved specimens of feathered domesticity—was considered a great advance on former exhibitions; those birds belonging to the denomination of "golden-pencilled" being pronounced by the judges to be the most perfect they have ever yet seen. Fifty-six pairs of fowls and three pairs of pigeons, forwarded by the French Acclimatisation Society, though not in time for competition, formed a sort of supplement to the general collection; and it is certainly gratifying to find that our Continental neighbours seem anxious to vie with us in the peaceful pursuits of the poultry-yard. Besides the above special attraction, a very interesting meeting was held on Wednesday, of the Deutsches Turnfest, or German Gymnastic Association. Great attention has of late been given throughout Germany to institutions connected with athletic sports and exercises, and one held last autumn created the greatest public interest, many thousands of Germans taking part in the proceedings. This was the first gathering of the sort in this country, and excited no inconsiderable attention, and was eminently successful.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.—The whole of the exterior of the northern side of the western or round portion of the Temple Church is being thoroughly restored. Unlike the southern portion of the round church, which was repaired some years back, when it was faced with smoothly-dressed stone, the original character of the work and materials of the portion of this fine example of ancient church architecture now undergoing repair has been retained. The rubble-work of the wall and buttresses is being made good, where necessary, and repointed. All the defective portions in the dressings of the buttresses and the jambs and arches of the windows are being replaced with Bath and Caen stone, and the ornamental pilasters of the windows with Mansfield stone. The old windows of this side of the building have been taken out and the openings filled with common glass; but it is expected that, after a time, they will be replaced with ornamental stained glass. The western porch, which abuts upon Inner Temple-lane, is also being restored. Buttresses of Portland stone are being erected on the foundation of the old ones, and the porch itself will be covered with a hauled gable roof. The work is being done by Messrs. Mallett, under the direction of Mr. Brodie, and for the architects of the Temple, Messrs. St. Aubyn and Smirke. The church will be opened for Divine service on Sunday, the 5th of October.

#### LLANDUDNO.

THE question—where shall we go? when Parliament had broken up, the London season had closed, and business had relaxed its grip—came before us as usual, and pressed for immediate solution. For a time we were more than commonly perplexed for an answer, but whilst we were deliberating there came over our imagination a whiff of the life-giving air of North Wales, such as we had breathed and found so invigorating three years ago, and this at once decided us. And now we are here at Llandudno, located in a nice little Gothic cottage perched upon the side of the Great Ormes Head, with a small garden immediately before us, the town far below, the beautiful bay on our left, and Little Ormes Head in all its varying beauty as it basks in the sun's rays or clothes itself in cloud, in the distance. Readers, when you visit the seaside always get on the hills if you can, for experience almost as old as the hills themselves has long since settled it that health is on the hills. In India when health fails men resort to the hills; all military history tells us that when disease attacks an army there is no surer restorative than the purer air of the hills. And in places like this there is more quietude on the mountain side than you can get in the vale. True, the fashionable world affects the shore; but the fashionable world has other objects than health and repose. Fashionable world has fine dresses to display, fine persons to show off, daughters to marry, intrigues to carry on; and if you are of the fashionable world there is no help for you; you, of course, must take to the shore, with its interior air, its organ-grindings, its blatant bands of music, and all its noise and vanity. But as for us we are not of the fashionable world, laugh at its follies, despise its vanities, and take naturally to the hill, as yonder screaming seagulls wing their way to their inaccessible caves in the rocks when their daily work is done.

#### ITS GROWTH.

We wrote shortly of Llandudno in these columns three years ago. But the Llandudno of 1862 is not the Llandudno of 1859. It has wonderfully increased since then, and it is still growing, and evidently will grow until a large, populous city will fill up this magnificent bay, where only a few years back there were no habitations but a few miners, smugglers, and labourers' huts, and where no sound was heard but the piping of the wind, the blasting of the rocks on the mountains, and the wail of the seagull. Nor is it wonderful to us that this place should increase, for, of all the watering-places which stud our coast, there is no lovelier spot than this.

#### BATHING.

Do you bathe? There is no finer bathing-ground in the world than we have here. It is two miles in extent, the bottom is composed of a fine sand, the slope is so easy that you may go to any depth that you choose, and, inclosed as it is between two lofty headlands, it is available in almost all weathers. Bathing at Llandudno is practised to a very great extent. Nearly a hundred bathing-machines line the beach, and, when the weather is fine, we have noticed that they are all in use from eight o'clock in the morning till about eleven or twelve.

#### A PANORAMA.

But the grand attractions of Llandudno to us are its scenery, its walks, and its proximity to the mountain region. That walk, for example, round the Great Ormes Head is, we deem, unparalleled by anything to be found on the English coast. It extends right round the mountain. Its length is nearly six miles. Its height above the sea is, we suppose, from three to five hundred feet, and as you slowly wind your way, now and then seating yourselves on the numerous benches, artificial or natural, which line the path, you have a panorama unrolled before you which is simply enchanting. When you start, the town and bay lie near you, and the Little Ormes Head before you. As you proceed, the blue sea opens, the great silent highway from Liverpool to all the world. The Great Eastern passed here last week, and the Persia; and when the weather is clear the horizon is studded with ships. As you round the headland another scene steals upon your view—Anglesea Bay, the Island of Anglesey, Puffin's Island showing as an advanced guard, and Beaumaris; and here it is worth while to sit for a time and look well at the scene. Mark the play of colour on the shores and hills of Anglesey, varying with the varying sky, now in dark shadows, now resplendent in a garb of brilliant green, and anon clothed, as it were, in gold. If you have an eye for beauty, you may sit here for hours unired. But let us move on. The Welsh mountains now come into the view. That peak in the far distance looks like Snowdon; it is about where his Majesty ought to be. This black mass, which, as we proceed, lies straight ahead, is Penmaen-Mawr. At the foot of this mountain, observe, there is a sort of green plateau, sprinkled, as you may see, by rid of your glass, with houses. This is a favourite spot of our Chancellor of the Exchequer. The newspapers tell us he is there now recruiting his health and energies after the Parliamentary campaign, and preparing for the next. How happy he must be, covering there like a bird in its nest! What is he doing just now, we wonder? Considering his next year's Budget? or studying Homer, or Wordsworth? He is very fond of Wordsworth. We should bet rather upon Homer or Wordsworth than the Budget. But let us pass on. Now we are coming back to the point whence we started; and there is Conway before us. You need not take your glass, for it is plain enough to the naked eye. That grand old castle—still perfect as to the outer walls—dates from the days of the Crusades. There are features of Moorish architecture which show that the builder had been in the East. Its founder was Edward I. He was in great danger there once—besieged by the Welsh, the river overflowing its banks, and his army and himself nearly starving. When walking through this building last week we could not help wishing for just twelve hours of the old life—just a peep at Edward and his Court. Here is the grand hall—here is the chapel—there the Queen's chamber—there the King's. See what glorious fireplaces they had! we fancied that we could still distinguish the blackening of the smoke from the burning pine logs. Oh for a wave of the enchanter's wand to recreate the scene! But vain is the wish—kings, knights, pursuivants, and heralds are all vanished—

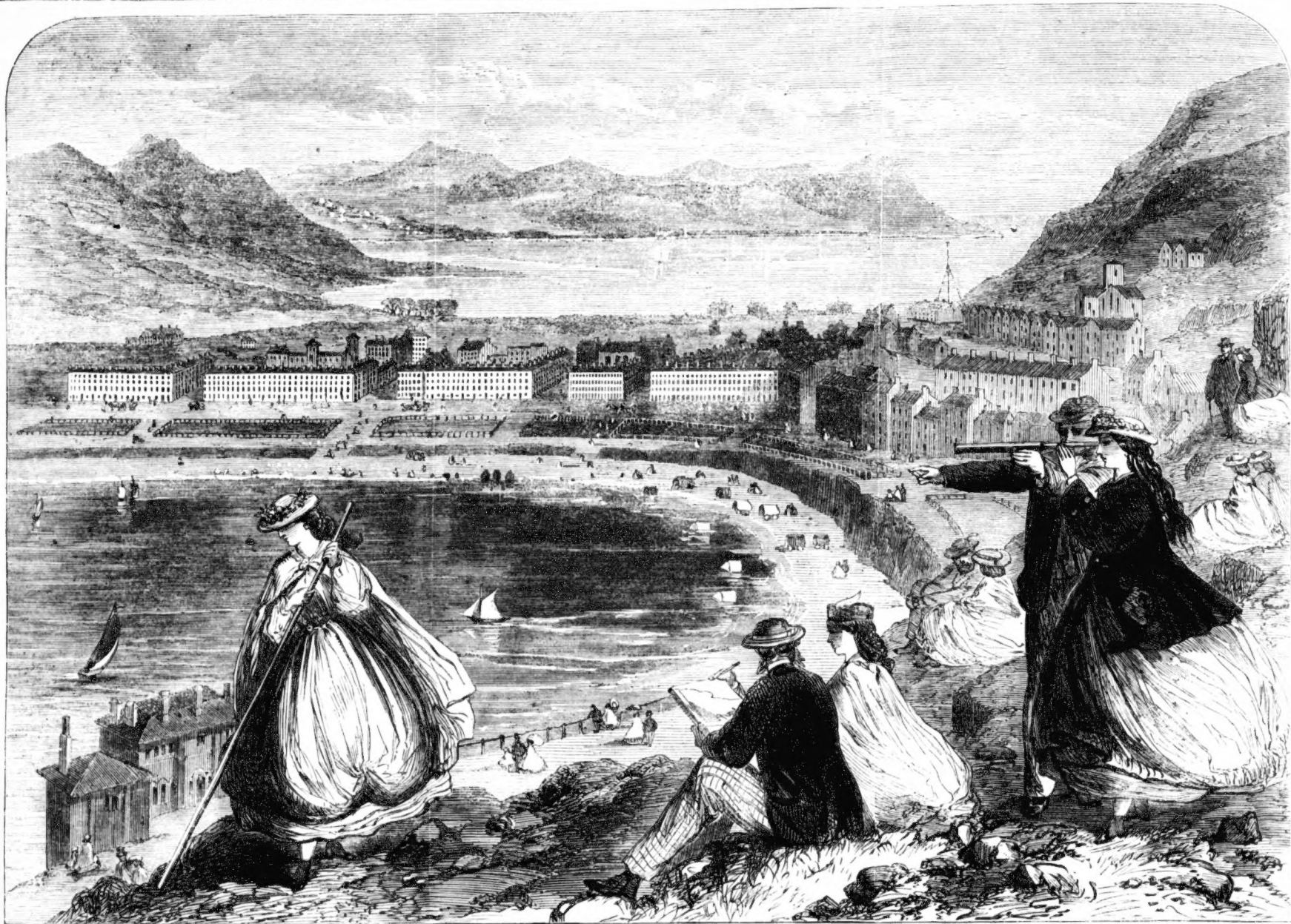
Their bones are dust,  
Their good swords rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

There is another curious building in Conway well worth seeing; it is called Plas-Mawr—the great mansion. It bears date 1585, and was in Elizabeth's time a palace of hers; and travellers say that she and her favourite Leicester held high court here. And now we have got back to Llandudno, having passed quite round the Great Ormes Head.

#### VISITORS.

Our visitors here are not of exactly the same class as that which is found on the southern coast; certainly not so aristocratic as at Brighton, or St. Leonards, or Hastings. Llandudno is the favourite watering-place of resort of the inhabitants of Lancashire and Cheshire. You have no need to look at the list in the local papers to ascertain this fact. It is discoverable at a glance, and at every step you hear the dialect of the north. But they dress as gaily as visitors of more fashionable places, particularly the ladies, who come out in the evening, and especially on Sundays, as fine as the milliners can make them; not, though, in good taste—rather fine than elegant. Crinoline is in great extent, and costly as wealth can buy are their dresses; but there is a strange mixture of colours, showing that taste does not always grow with growing wealth. Equipages such as we see on the Brighton Parade we have none. We have only seen one carriage and pair, and that belonged to a London solicitor. Nor are there any dashing regiments of horsewomen such as those we are accustomed to see galloping on the roads and over the Downs at Brighton. Indeed, the horses here are poor, scraggy hacks, hardly fit for a lady to ride, and the appointments are as bad as the beasts. But we have a capital stud of sleek, sure-footed donkeys, and these patient animals are in great request. The cars, too, are decent enough, and are cheap and under capital regulations. The chief feature of the visiting population here, however, seems to us to be the swarms of clergymen—Church and Dissenting. You cannot go on the beach nor on the mountains but you meet one or more of these gentlemen in the inevitable long black coat, black wideawake, and white choker. Their special business seems to be to act as cavaliers to the ladies. Whilst the brothers and fathers are boating or smoking





VIEW OF LLANDUDNO FROM THE HEIGHTS.

on the beach, or dashing off for a few days into the Snowdonian country, or perhaps to business. Clever fellows these clerics, if we think of it, for what fine opportunities these small excursions on the hills afford to whisper soft things in a lady's ear! Capital matches, we have no doubt, have been made on that Great Orme Head, if the truth could be known. And beautiful poetry whispered, ending in solid facts in the caves and under the shadows of the rocks and in other quiet, secluded places seemingly made for the purpose with which this neighbourhood abounds. "There are 'Fishers of

men," said a lady, piously, to her husband once. "Ay," replied he, gruffly, "and of women too." Well, and why not? Echo from the mountain replies "Why not?" It is human nature, as Sam Slick says. These gentlemen have for the most part but little money, but they have opportunity; and so, we see, there is compensation here, as elsewhere. There is compensation everywhere, Emerson tells us.

WANTS.

We have said the town is increased. Well, it is improved also. It is well drained, it is lighted with gas, and has a capital supply of

pure water brought from the hills and distributed to every house by a company. There are a few things wanted though. First, we want a good library; second, a bank at which a man may get a cheque changed without going to Conway; and, lastly, some good horses. Churches and chapels we do not seem to want, for, though the town dates only from a dozen years back, there are thirteen already, including one building, and there is another church projected. And so we conclude. Weather permitting, we shall visit the interior next week.



OUTSIDE THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,—THE PUBLIC'S EXTREMITY—CABBY'S OPPORTUNITY.



## THE CABMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

"MAKING hay while the sun shines" will soon cease to express, in any metropolitan sense, the using an important opportunity with diligence. Taking in fare while the rain falls is a better exemplification of the usual method in which the old proverb is applied, and for thorough disregard of legal obligation and honest fulfilment of their work, to say nothing of public convenience, the London cabman plying near the Great Exhibition has furnished an almost universal example. It is true that a few strong-minded individuals have, even at the expense of great personal inconvenience, succeeded in bringing some of these defiant Jehus to well-deserved punishment; but the great mass of visitors are, if not too indifferent to pursue the subject after the temporary inconvenience has abated, totally incapable of following step by step the process necessary to conviction of the London cabman who has a ready use of vituperation and a reckless disregard even of the personal safety of a perverse passenger.

To the intelligent foreigner it must be matter of no small surprise that a wet day at the exhibition is the signal for empty cabs, the drivers of which obstinately neglect to see such signals as are made by distressed visitors unless they give promise of a profitable bargain; and for a flat refusal on the part of the drivers of public vehicles to take anybody except at an increased fare and for a long journey. To say nothing of the scarcity of omnibuses and the extortions practised (except in the instance of those large, convenient Manchester 'buses) upon the unfortunate passengers, who, sitting upon the damp straw cushion of the knifeboard, huddled together like roosting fowls, or fighting for places in the interior, where crinolines are bedraggled and bonnets crushed out of all shape—to what foul and execrable means of locomotion is the Londoner reduced, especially when an extraordinary occasion induces the proprietors to send out those rickety abominations which, having been long condemned, have lain for months, or perhaps years, festering with ill-smelling manginess in dank stable-yards!

The remedy of this state of things has already been pointed out in a leading article which appeared in these columns a week or two ago—to make the proprietors responsible, and to institute such regulations as would enable them to pay the drivers, and so utterly abolish the system of employing the men who now make use of every species of rascality for the purpose of extracting from the public the necessary amount to satisfy the demands of their masters.

But this view of the subject includes, we may remark, not only a better behaviour on the part of the cabmen, but a more considerate treatment of the cabmen on the part of the public. It does, after all, seem unreasonable that men should be expected to be scrupulously honest, politely assiduous, possessing thorough control of temper, and singular purity and delicacy of remonstrance, when the present state of the law almost involves that they should be taken from amongst a class which has very little inducement to be honest; and it is



SIGNOR GIUGLINI, OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

almost universally taken for granted that a London cabman is only another name for a London blackguard, and that he should be treated, accordingly, with a mixture of defiance and mistrust.

## SIGNOR GIUGLINI.

ANTONIO GIUGLINI, the distinguished tenor, is now in his thirty-sixth year, having been born in 1826, at Feaneo, in the Roman States. He owes his musical instruction to Cellini, Maestro di Capella at Fermo, and began by singing little duets between the acts at the theatre of that town. He appeared successively at the Fenice

Theatre at Venice, the San Carlo at Naples, and the Scala at Milan. His success was rapid; and his reputation having reached Mr. Lumley, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, that manager hastened across the Alps in order to secure an artist who promised to be a treasure. Giuglini accordingly appeared at the above theatre, and from that time to the present has enjoyed the favour of the English public. During all this period London has been the principal scene of his triumphs; but he has in the intervals visited Spain, France, and Italy. While in Madrid he sang before Queen Isabella, who was so charmed with his talent that she conferred upon him the cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic. In December, 1859, he made his debut at the Théâtre Italien at Paris, in the character of Manrico, in the "Trovatore." He was received with acclamations, and his appearance in the "Puritani" was equally successful. He left Paris for Italy in consequence of an engagement at Milan for twelve nights at £80 sterling per night. He produced so great an effect at La Scala that he was re-engaged for twelve nights more on the same terms—six for Milan and six for Turin. At La Scala he appeared for eighteen nights running in the "Favorita;" and even at that immense theatre it was necessary every night to refuse admission to three or four hundred people. At this time he composed a patriotic hymn, which he dedicated to King Victor Emmanuel. It was sung on the night of the grand gala in presence of his Majesty, who presented to the composer a handsome snuff box, with his initials in diamonds. The hymn was repeated at Turin, when the chorus was sung by a large body of the principal amateurs of the city.

For the last three years Signor Giuglini has been the principal tenor at Her Majesty's Theatre, and has also appeared at the Crystal Palace and at some of the leading concerts. On all occasions he has been received with the greatest applause, and appears to have established himself as a prime favourite in this country. He recently, as our readers are aware, produced another patriotic composition on Italy, which has been several times executed, and always with success. A very pretty little quarrel, however, has this week occurred between the Signor and the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Mapleson. Giuglini was to have appeared at that establishment on Saturday evening last, but in the afternoon handed to the manager a medical certificate to the effect that the state of his health would not permit of his singing. On this a contemporary made some remarks, to which the Signor deemed it necessary to reply, explaining that ill-health, and that alone, prevented his fulfilling his engagement on the occasion in question. This letter, again, provoked one from Mr. Mapleson, in which he seems little inclined to admit the genuineness of the excuse offered, and asserts the correctness of the newspaper statement. Thus the matter rests; and we trust that Signor Giuglini will not suffer in the estimation of the public in consequence of genuine incapacity for duty, and that he, on his part, will be careful not to trifle with the popularity he has so deservedly acquired by disappointing his admirers without good and sufficient reasons.



"THE CABIN DOOR,"—(FROM A PICTURE BY J. J. HILL.)



"THE CABIN DOOR."

In looking at a picture like "The Cabin Door" we are always carried away from its artistic merits by the wish that the cabin itself were more comfortable, even at the expense of being less picturesque. Like Will Fern's entrance in Mr. Dickens's "Olives," it "looks well in a picture," but it may be doubted whether the artist would like to live in it. Yet this power of raising a real human interest is in itself an indication of the value of Mr. J. J. Hill's picture; for in that young girl sitting watching the infant asleep in the rude modern cradle, in the tall fisherman resting for a moment to look lovingly on his little face, and even in the net drying in the sun, and the wide open seascape beyond, there is the story of human life, and of the afflictions which are fruitful even amidst poverty and toil.

### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

The performances at Her Majesty's Theatre are still being continued, and, as success still attends them (which is not wonderful, considering who are the singers), we shall probably witness this year the almost unexampled phenomenon of an Italian opera in London in the month of September. Mdlle. Trebelli (the one great discovery that has been made this year in the way of vocalists), the sisters Marchisio, and a few other members of the company, have taken their departure; but Mdlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, M. Gassier, Signor Viodetti, and Mdlle. Michal still remain. The latest novelty at Her Majesty's Theatre has been "Martha," with Titiens and Giuglini, Lemaire and Viodetti, in the principal parts.

The Royal English Opera opened its doors for the season on Monday, when "The Lily of Kilmarney" was performed, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Sandley in their original characters. The house was crowded, and the applause satisfactorily showed that the opera was fully appreciated by the audience, which was in a large measure composed of provincials and foreigners—provincials to whom "The Lily of Kilmarney" must of necessity be a novelty, though all London amateurs made a point of hearing it last winter. We believe it is the intention of the management during the next few weeks to present, one after the other, all the works which compose the now really extensive repertory of the Royal English Opera. The opera performed the first three nights were "The Lily of Kilmarney," "The Rose of Castile," and "Dorothée;" and we must not forget to mention that in the first of these Mr. Porten, a tenor, new to the stage, but well known in the concert-room, made his appearance with success in the part of Hardres Oregan.

"A German in London" has written to ask the *Musical World* how it happens that in England, where it is boasted that the great masters are held in such profound reverence, so little respect is paid to the most illustrious composers at the Italian Opera. Our contemporary replies, with justice, that the changes and excisions which have been effected in such masterpieces as "Guillaume Tell" and "Massaniello" are nothing short of profanation, and that they cannot be justified on any ground of expediency. Who, then, is to blame for these mutilations? for certainly some one ought to be condemned, both for making them and for permitting them to be made. We think our operatic managers may be acquitted of the special charge of allowing works produced at their establishments to be maimed and disfigured; for, not being as a rule men of artistic education, they can so rarely be expected to know even the nature of the offence. But if a general accusation be brought against them of undertaking duties for which they are not fitted, we hold them to be guilty, and, as such, deserving of public castigation by pen and ink. When the Royal Italian Opera was founded, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, one of the great—and quite sufficient—reasons given for establishing it was that at Her Majesty's Theatre operas were hacked in the vilest manner, so that there might be the more time to give to the ballet. Whatever the ultimate object may be, at present, at the Royal Italian Opera, it is quite certain that the works produced there—especially if they happen to be masterpieces—are frequently curialed in the most disgraceful manner. If an entire act be omitted, so much the worse, though an act, if it be the production of a great composer, is a little work in itself, and had better be left out altogether than presented in fragments. But to excise pieces, and, worse still, portions of pieces, is what the friends of the mutilator would call inartistic, and his enemies barbarous.

We have said, however, that it is not the manager who plays these clumsy and crude tricks with immorality. He is a species of accessory; it is true, but the prime offender must be the musical conductor. There are other accessories, in the shape of critics who abstain from calling attention to the crimes after they have been committed; and even the public are not to be held blameless when, finding themselves face to face with the culprit of whose guiltiness they are assured, they, nevertheless, do not reprove him, but, on the contrary, sometimes forget themselves so far as to applaud him.

Extra performances of "The Messiah" are being given at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, for the purpose of affording opportunities to persons visiting London during the International Exhibition of hearing Handel's sublime work executed in a thoroughly efficient manner—a rare thing in the provinces, except at festival times. The principal singers are Mdlle. Pareni, Mdme. Laura Baxter, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Woss. "The Messiah" was also given at Exeter Hall on Wednesday last, with the same solo singers and nearly the same orchestra, but with Mr. Martin's "National Society" as chorus, and under Mr. Martin's conductorship. The "National Choral Society's" performance of "The Messiah" will be repeated next Monday, when the public will be admitted at prices varying from one to five shillings.

The ladies of the Vocal Association have lately presented Mr. Benedict with a testimonial, "as a mark of their appreciation of his valuable services in conducting the rehearsals and performances of the society." About a thousand persons were present at the society's rooms on the occasion, and an address was read, the following extract from which will fully explain under what feeling the presentation was made:—"They who are held in honour by the world at large cannot countenance, and are altogether above listening to, expressions which will even admit of being understood as idle compliment or as formal applause; so that it would be difficult for us to utter our thoughts upon your merits as a whole without seeming to tread upon forbidden ground. To us you are more than you can be to the outside world, the members of which would misunderstand us were we to speak our true feelings upon the general question. Therefore it is that we do not now address you as the author of 'The Brides of Venice,' 'The Crusaders,' 'Undine,' or 'The Lily of Killarney,' but as that Jules Benedict whom we honour as the founder and conductor of this association, who has laboured so earnestly to teach us how best to express the thoughts of the world's great composers; and who, amid difficulties and discouragements which would have daunted and deterred other men, has never failed to meet us with the same patience, good humour, and gentleness of manner which but too commonly are only exhibited in the hours of great success."

Every one knows that tenors make large fortunes, but we are seldom, if ever, told what they do with them. The public curiosity on this subject has lately been gratified in the case of one tenor, M. Roger, by an announcement that that eminent singer not only possesses an estate, but that he is about to sell it—we trust at a large profit. One clause in the conditions of sale of this manorial property provides what the names of certain avenues, roads, and alleys, are to be. The suggestive titles of the thoroughfares are as follows:—"Grand Avenue du Val Roger," "Avenue Halévy," "Boulevard Meyerbeer," "Boulevard Auber," "Allée de la Favorite," "Allée de la Dame Blanche," "Avenue du Prophète," "Avenue des Mousquetaires," "Avenue des Huguenots," "Avenue de la Sirène," "Avenue de la Reine de Chypre," "Avenue Haydée," "Avenue de l'Enfant Prodigue," "Avenue du Domino Noir," "Avenue de Juif Errant," "Avenue de la Part du Diable," "Chemin d'Herculanum," "Chemin de Lucie," and "Allée de la Figurante."

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD, says a Spanish journal, is not London, but Jeddo, the capital of Japan, which consists of 1,500,000 houses, inhabited by 5,000,000 souls. Several streets are twenty-two miles long. The trade is immense, the coasts being literally covered with trading-vessels.

NOXIOUS VAPOURS.

THE report of the Lords' Committee appointed to inquire into the injury resulting from noxious vapours evolved in certain manufacturing processes has been published. The following is the most important portion of it:—

The Committee think that it would be most desirable that the few, or fewest, nuisances generally should be consolidated and made uniform throughout the country; but who her this be practicable or not, there are certain points on which amendment appears to them to be urgently called. They recommend that the provision of the Smoke Prevention Act respecting offensive trades should be made of universal application; that gases evolved in manufacturing processes from furnaces or chimneys should be placed on the same footing as smoke from furnaces; that the effect should be given to the 23 and 24 Vic., c. 77, s. 13, that medical inspectors, when appointed, should have the right of free access to all works, productive of noxious vapours at all hours when such works are in operation; that the power on the part of the defendant, of demanding the jurisdiction of the magistrate, should be abolished, and if any appeal be allowed to the superior courts, they would be inclined to restrict it to cases in which the magistrates should certify that they involved questions of law fitting to be there heard and decided. While, however, the Committee think that the allegations they have suggested will be found adequate for the more ordinary nuisances, yet, looking to the very serious injury caused by alkali and other chemical works of a like description, to the great extent of those trades, and to the proved and admitted preventability of any nuisance by proper precautions, they concur with the manufacturers engaged in those trades that they ought to be dealt with by special legislation. They do not hesitate to express their opinion that the Legislature should not attempt to prescribe the specific process by which the nuisance should be prevented, but that a substantial penalty should attach to the escape of gas or vapour during the process of manufacture; that any person should be at liberty to sue for such penalty; and that it should be recoverable at quarter sessions without appeal to the superior courts, except in cases in which the magistrates should certify that they involved questions of law fitting to be there heard and decided. But the Committee feel bound to record their opinion that, for the effectual suppression of this nuisance, it will be necessary that inspectors, properly qualified, should be appointed, who should at all times have free access to the works, with or without notice, so far as may be necessary for ascertaining that nuisance is effectually prevented, and who should be officially charged with the duty of enforcing the law; and, without desiring to imply any suspicion of the local authorities, they concur in the opinion, expressed by more than one witness, that such inspectors, by whomsoever appointed and paid, should be wholly independent of all local control, and removed as far as possible from all local influence. The Committee have reason to believe that, in framing a measure on these principles, her Majesty's Government will have the cheerful co-operation of all the most respectable manufacturers engaged in the trades affected by it.

#### THE OUTBREAK OF SMALLPOX AMONG THE WILTSHIRE SHEEP.

NEARLY a month has elapsed since the outbreak of smallpox in Mr. Joseph Parry's celebrated Ailington flock. The disorder is now spreading, to the great dismay of all flockmasters in Wilts, Hants, and Dorset. The rumours respecting the exiguity are exceedingly numerous, and many of them utterly false, those, in particular, that apply to places in mid-Hampshire and to a district westward of Southampton, on the immediate border of Dorsetshire. We can make this assertion on the best authority. With regard to the spread of the disorder in Wiltshire, we find the most reliable information in the *Derisive Gazette* of Friday. It would appear that up to Monday morning no symptom of infection had manifested itself beyond Ailington, and, as a few days more would have seen Mr. Parry's sheep through the last stage of the disease, the adjoining flockmasters entertained good hope that the loathsome and fatal malady would have terminated with a trifling, or further mischief. The disease, however, has shown in a flock of 500 beautiful ewes belonging to Mr. Harding, of Erelhampton, which were being consigned, in preparation for Wilton fair, on a spot at least a mile and a half from Ailington, and divided from it by the canal and by intermediate farms. Naturally apprehensive for the safety of his flock, Mr. Harding, immediately upon hearing that the disease had broken out among Mr. Parry's sheep, had his own flock removed to the remotest corner of his farm. They were accordingly placed in a field near "the Monument," adjoining the Salisbury-road, where it seemed almost impossible that the disease could reach them, without, at all events, first passing through the flocks which were folded on the intermediate farms. About midday on Monday the attention of the shepherd was arrested by the staggering gait of some of the sheep, and, upon an examination being made, it was unmistakably apparent that the dreaded malady had come among them. Mr. Harding at once went over to Ailington to consult with Mr. Parry, and, finding that Professor Simonds was expected from London on the following day, he awaited the arrival of that eminent veterinary, and on Tuesday Professor Simonds examined the flock, and, by his advice, the whole of the sheep were inoculated, as the most likely means of lessening the fatal consequences of the attack.

A Dorsetshire correspondent, after remarking that this disease is a rare one in England, and expressing surprise at the apathy shown with regard to it, makes the following practical and important remarks:—"In Australia, and such a disease taken out, the flock would at once have been destroyed and burnt; and in all human probability the plague would have been stayed. I cannot see why such a course should not be adopted here—the county paying the value, which will be saved a hundredfold if the neighbouring flockmasters escape. This is the more advisable if we consider the season of the year and the locality of the disease. The great autumn sheep fairs are drawing near, the chief of which are held at Wilton, Weyhill, and Applewash. At these fairs, some hundreds of thousands of sheep ordinarily change hands, brought together from all the sheep-breeding districts of Dorset, Hants, and Wiltshire, and dispersed after sale through Berks, Kent, and the metropolitan counties. As Allington lies on the high road between Wilton and Weyhill, and is not five miles distant from either locality, the holding of these fairs this year in their accustomed places will simply bring together a multitude of animals from counties which are hitherto safe, and will keep them for a week in an infected atmosphere, in constant contact and in that excited state of body most apt to contract disease. When the mischief has been done the crowd will separate; the flocks which are sold will carry the infection into the eastern counties, while those which return unsold will take back the plague to their homes. Under any but an English rule the remedy would be obvious. The Government would prohibit the holding of fairs during this year in the infected district. A cordon would be drawn round that district, and the sale of sheep from within it to parties residing beyond the line would be prohibited, and these precautions would be carried out under the surveillance of a proper officer. In free England nothing of this kind will be done, it being part of our freedom that any neighbour, being a fool, should have the power, by the free exercise of his folly, of ruining me, a prudent man, who has the misfortune to live next to him. We cannot hope for the interference of Government, even in the danger of one of our great national industries; but the flockmasters themselves can do something. I would urge them to lose no precious time, but at once in each county to form committees of the most influential farmers. Let them appeal to their neighbours for combined action, either to send no sheep to Wilton or Weyhill, or, if sent, to engage that they shall be sold, whatever the loss may be, and under no circumstances be brought back to bring disease among the breeding flocks. Let all the large sheepdealers be informed of this resolution, and let the farmers engage that they will refuse for the future to deal with any man who shall bring back sheep from the tainted localities. Such action, adopted generally, would afford a hope of escaping a great misfortune, which, if checked till winter, will probably disappear upon the cold weather.

THE DANGER OF PHILANTHROPY.—It appears that Mr. Peabody is literally persecuted with beggars. His noble deed of charity to the poor of London has sent a thrill through the ranks of the unfortunate, and the whole army of needy, dissolute, improvident, and rapacious people—deserving and undeserving alike—through around the man, and deafen him with a clamour for gifts. His privacy is invaded, his business is interrupted, his peace disturbed, his very means of enjoying life and doing good made, in some measure, a discomfort to him; he is like the well-fed and well-disposed house-dog who fell into the company of a pack of hungry wolves, and the howling and the pack warns him that he is to be torn to pieces. The only means of publishing to the publicator for charitable assistance is by a printed circular, in which Mr. Peabody says:—"The immense number of letters daily arriving at his address renders it difficult for him to read them even partially, and a written reply to each would take up the time of a dozen persons. To those who ask pecuniary relief Mr. Peabody will say that, if his means would allow him to assist all in adversity, nothing would give him more pleasure; but, as they are not, applicants must take the will for the deed. To give one-tenth that ask would deprive Mr. Peabody of the means of support in one month." We venture to say that this is the most curious of all the curiosities of benevolence; and we do earnestly hope there will be no occasion to inscribe on Mr. Peabody's tomb the short epitaph, "Worried to death."

**FOX-HUNTING IN LONDON.**—On Sunday afternoon last considerable excitement and amusement was created in the neighbourhood of the Lower-roil, Islington, by the appearance of a very fine fox. He was at first discovered by some boys in the Cambridge-road, and here the sport commenced. A strong body of would-be sportsmen at once turned their attention to fox-hunting, and after a good chase through streets, over railings, flower gardens, and walls, Master Reynard managed to make his escape.

VISCOUNT BURY, M.P., who is now in the north, after returning from Kirkwall on Monday, expressed his desire to have a public opportunity of giving an account of his representation to the electors of Wick; but, the electors being all absorbed with the business of the fishing, his Lordship, after consideration, abandoned the project of a meeting.

THE ROUPELL CASE.

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From the above facts, it appears that the case at the Guilford Assizes was evidence that there was a great number of the defendants who were convicted at 1897; and if this had been proved it would have been a strong evidence of a still more extensive conspiracy. The defendants, Mr. Rogers, a tradesman, and a Londoner, and several of considerable property, and Northern Farm House was purchased for him at the Auction of 1897, £2,000 and he has since had an £200,000 upon the property, and he had a very large share of stock, and when he was called upon to give up the property on the ground that the deeds that he executed were not valid upon the supposition that a felony had been committed, he appeared before me in his earlier case, and the result would have been the same in his behalf was that had the deed been made by the will of the 2nd of September, 1897, under which Mr. Rogers had the possession of the property, were positive instruments, and very evidence indeed would have been brought forward to establish these. It would, of course, also have been suggested that William Palmer's possession of money was merely an afterthought for the purpose of getting property back to the use of his family, and there were a great many facts that would have materially favored such a supposition. It appears that there were nearly fifty witnesses at Guilford on the trial of the case, and a great many of whom had had intimate and extensive business transactions with Richard Palmer Rogers, the father of Mr. William Rogers, but I am perfectly well acquainted with his position, and the greater part of the witnesses would have expressed their positive belief that the signature to the will and the deed of gift were the genuine signatures of the old man, and they would have spoken to this before me without the slightest doubt or hesitation; and it at the same time appears to be perfectly clear that but for what has since taken place the genuineness of those signatures would never for one moment have been disputed. But the evidence of those witnesses as to the handwriting, there were a great many who would have proved positively that the deceased had upon several occasions stated that he had given the Kingston estate to his son William, and that he had nothing more to do with it, and this would have been very material evidence to support the supposition that the deed of gift was a genuine instrument; and if the case had gone to the jury upon these facts, it is very doubtful whether the defendant would not have obtained a verdict.

It has been already stated that the amount of property squandered away by William Russell was between £200,000 and £300,000, but there are good grounds for believing that, in addition to this enormous sum, he is considerably in debt and otherwise involved. Before he left Guilford he was paid with a writ for £100 by one of the officers of the Sheriff of Surrey.

A SAD STORY.

There is, or was until recently, a tall, handsome man confined in a lunatic asylum at Lambeth. He used to sit mournfully for days and weeks in a corner of his long room, little given to talk and less to physical exertion. Now and then, however, he broke out in a sudden blaze of extemporaneous, repeating incoherent sentences, in which only the word "flax-cotton" was distinctly audible. The unhappy man's name was Chevalier Clousen. By birth a Dane, and a man of high scientific education, he gave himself up early to the study of practical chemistry, particularly those branches connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of labour and many experiments, he came to the conclusion that the fibre of flax, if fully manipulated, is superior to cotton for all purposes in which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on this account as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which Europe might remain independent of self or slave. Clausen's experiments were well received in his own country, and his King gave him the title of Chevalier. Unfortunately, little other substantial encouragement. The inventor then went to France, married a young French lady, was presented at Court, and received the Order of the Legion of Honour; he also had got little else but promises of future reward for the years he had devoted to the one great object he had in hand. Soon afterwards came to this country, arriving just in time for the International Exhibition of 1851. He displayed in the Hyde Park Palace some beautiful articles made of flax-cotton, and set all the world in raptures about the new material, the more so as he freely explained the secret of the process for converting flax-straw into a material equal in all, and superior in some, respects to the cotton fabric. The manipulation was simple enough, according to Clausen's showing. The flax, cut into small pieces by machinery, was left for a short while to the continued action of alkaline solvents and of carbonated alkalis, and acids, which converted the fibre into a material very similar to cotton, and fit even, to some extent, to be spun with cotton machinery. The English manufacturers to whom the process was explained were delighted; nevertheless, they refused, with many thanks, the Chevalier's offer to work his invention. It was found that flax-cotton could not be profitably spun without making various alterations in the existing machinery, and to this the English mill owners objected, saying, "Why should we trouble ourselves about the new raw material as long as we have got cotton in abundance?" With a smacking of a prophetic whip, M. Clausen remonstrated, arguing that his supply was not always to be depended upon, and that, besides, it would be better and cheaper in the long run to make European hand-loomed European mills, by the aid of perfected steam agencies, than to leave the task to the rude manual labour of unworldly bond-men. It was the voice of the prophet in the desert. Clausen did not wait, and when the Hyde Park Show was over Chevalier Clousen and his invention were no more thought of than the man who discovered the compass. Sorrow troubled his mind, and with night's poverty staring him in the face, Clausen then pursued his pilgrimage, crossing the Atlantic to America. What happened to him in the great Western Republic is not accurately known; but it is presumed that some "cute motives" laid hold of the young man from the old country, squeezing his brains and then throwing him overboard. It was rumoured that Chevalier Clausen had got a "partner" and not long after somebody, partner or otherwise, brought him back to this country, shutting him up in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. Here the history of flax-cotton ends—the inventor in a madhouse, Lancashire without food for her mills and her people. A letter has appeared in the papers stating that after 1851 a company was formed to work M. Clausen's patent, that £50,000 were expended in the effort, but that, from want of support from the manufacturers, the attempt had to be abandoned and the capital of the company sacrificed. This letter is signed by the solicitors of the company, and its statements may therefore be presumed to be trustworthy.

THE OLDEST OFFICER IN THE SERVICE.—General Sir James Watson, whose death we recorded last week, was the oldest officer in Her Majesty's Army, which he entered so far back as the 21th of June, 1783; consequently he had passed on the 21st of June, 1873, his 90th birthday. General Watson, it has been reported, appears to have been one of the best of his kind. At that time, we could not take nominal military service and full military pay before they were yet clear of the tender guardianship of their female attendants, for the age is stated to have been but eleven years more than the period of his service as an officer. Although the oldest he was not the senior General. Sir John Wright Gulse and General Pigot both standing before him on the Roll. In length of service Field-Marshal Lord Combermere now heads the Army, his first commission bearing date February, 1790. The next is General Cosmo Gordon, who entered the Army in December, 1792. Then come Sir J. B. Fitzgerald and General Pigot, whose commissions are respectively dated September and October, 1793. Those who became soldiers in 1794 constitute a gallant batch, which comprises Lords Seaton and Gough, Sir Alexander Woodford, Sir Edward Blakeney, Sir John Gulse, Sir A. Clifton, Sir William Ginn, General Thomas Evans, and Lieutenant-General Thomas Bampfden. There are altogether 144 more than a score of cavalry and infantry officers on full pay whose military service commenced before the present century.

**PRINCE ALFRED.**—A letter from St. Petersburg of Aug. 16 states that Prince Alfred has paid a short visit to Moscow. After visiting the Kremlin and other objects of interest, his Royal Highness returned to St. Petersburg. As his Royal Highness travelled incognito there was no official reception. Prior to the Prince's excursion to the city, the Emperor's fleet was assembled at the mouth of the Neva, and the British fleet, under the command of Lord Cranstoun, the docks and the naval hospital. When his Majesty passed the English squadron he was saluted by all the vessels, and the Russian frigate Gromobol returned the salute, all the Russian vessels at the same time hoisting the English flag. His Majesty went on board the English vessel St. George. The Emperor and the Prince afterwards proceeded to the Menechikoff and Oranienbann ports. The Russian sailors give fidelity to the emperors of the English vessels.







